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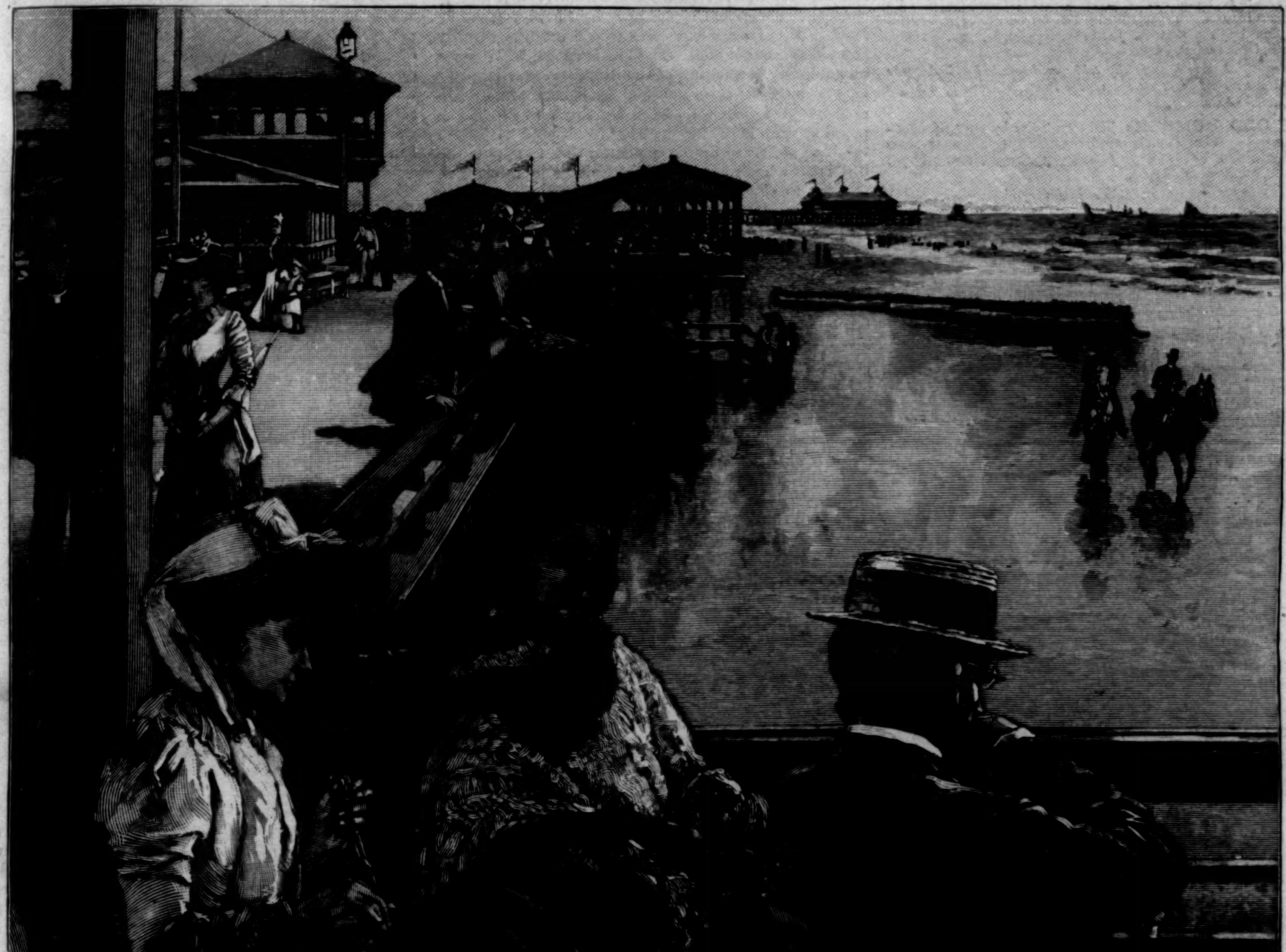

WATCHING THE TIDE COME IN AT ATLANTIC CITY.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 619.]

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THE BOYCOTT IN POLITICS.

THE recommendation of the Atlanta *Constitution* that Northern merchants should be boycotted by Southern customers in the event of the passage of the election bill has had two very different effects. In the first place it has elicited a very general and forcible expression of dissent and rebuke from all parts of the country; and in the second it has shown, by drawing the letter of approval from General GORDON, that, in his judgment, the proposition is nevertheless supported by a strong local sentiment. No conspicuous citizen in the Southern part of the Union has been more constant and efficient in devotion to a restoration of friendly relations than General GORDON. He has lost no occasion, whether at home, or in the Senate, or upon the battle-fields of the late war, to promote the good cause. He is now understood to be a candidate for the nomination for Senator of the United States from Georgia, and his declaration of entire accord with the purpose and method of the recommendation of the *Constitution* shows his conviction that it is approved by a large public sentiment in Georgia. If General GORDON believed such a proposition to be repugnant to the controlling public opinion of his State, he would hardly hasten to support it so warmly.

The proposition, however, is an enormous mistake. Here is an admitted wrong, for no intelligent American in any State can hold it to be other than a wrong that in this country legal voters anywhere, under any pretence, should be deprived of their rights by common consent. It may be unfortunate that they have certain rights, but having them, it is an unquestionable wrong that in a country of laws their enjoyment should be illegally annulled. If the exercise of the rights be injurious to the public welfare, they should be legally withdrawn, not illegally suppressed. The wrong must be admitted; the power of redress is with the majority in Congress, and the constitutional authority to exercise it is also indisputable. All this is beyond real controversy. But the redress provided by the election bill is so subversive of cherished traditions and convictions, and so certain to exasperate instead of remedying the evil—it is so plainly a resort to unusual legislation solely for a supposed party advantage, so evident a straining of the spirit of the Constitution, however conformable to the letter—that it is in the highest sense unwise and inexpedient. As we pointed out when the bill was first suggested, its necessary effect must be greater wrong to the colored citizen. As the colored clergyman in North Carolina says, in substance, it will hurt the negro on three hundred and sixty-four days in order to try to help him in voting on the three hundred and sixty-fifth, and of course will practically fail in its specific object. In this situation nothing could be more short-sighted than to attempt to defeat the passage of the bill by a boycott.

What is the argument of such a proposition? It is that a constitutional power shall not be exercised by Congress to effect an object in itself lawful, under pecuniary pain and penalty to certain parts of the country. It is an absolutely revolutionary and senseless suggestion—revolutionary, because it is a plan to control the national Legislature by terrorism; senseless, because its consequences would involve equally friends and opponents. The bill is called a Northern scheme. It is nothing of the kind. A prodigiously large if not controlling part of the conscience, intelligence, and patriotism of the Northern States is opposed to such legislation. That intelligence is not in the least deceived by the assertion that to oppose the bill is to wink at crimes, to acquiesce in monstrous wrongs, to shrink from the obligations of humanity and justice, and to evade the supreme duty of the hour. The supreme duty of the hour always is to do right, and this scheme is not right merely because it professes to remedy a wrong. Methods are always a question of expediency. The argument for the election bill cannot be stronger than that for the force bill in 1871, when the passions of the war were much hotter than now. It was plain at that time that the Southern whites meant to govern their States with little regard to the new constitutional amendments. JOHNSTONE says "it was impossible to defeat their purpose without cutting up the State system in the South by the roots." But the force act, he says, and truly, went further than the instincts of the American people could follow Congress. Does any sensible man regret the failure of the force bill? Does any such man think the welfare of the country or of the negro would have been promoted by its success? Statesmanship, or the wisdom to deal effectively with great and perplexing public problems, is something more than the power of a majority to pass a law.

THE PEOPLE'S MUNICIPAL LEAGUE.

THE Executive Committee of the citizens municipal movement have named the organization the People's Municipal League, and have laid down a scheme or platform of sentiments which they might have drawn from the message of Mayor HARPER in 1844, to which we alluded last week. The platform is so short, sensible, and conclusive that we print it complete.

1. Municipal government is business, not politics.
2. Municipal elections should be divorced from State and national politics.
3. Municipal officers should be chosen solely for business ability and personal integrity.
4. Municipal officers should be independent of political parties, halls, bosses, and factions.
5. The care of city property, the management of city franchises, the collection and expenditure of city revenues, the development of systems of rapid transit, and the impartial and vigorous enforcement of labor legislation and of measures for the improvement of the homes of the industrial classes can safely be intrusted only to officers chosen under the operation of these principles."

Those who agree with this declaration become members of the league by signing the declaration with the purpose of supporting for city or county offices only men whom they know to hold these views, and who are strong and firm enough to adhere to them in office.

This is not an appeal to buncombe, it is a test of the real conviction of the mass of intelligent citizens of New York. Good city government is just as practicable here as elsewhere, and it will be secured if such citizens are disposed to take the steps necessary to secure it. What they can do if they choose, they showed in the overthrow of TWEED. At that time citizens who had never taken any trouble in practical politics except to vote, and generally for candidates of whom they knew nothing, turned out and manned the polls and brought up voters. It was an effective spurt of public spirit. But it did not last long, and it has never been renewed. The antagonist is now substantially the same. It is Tammany Hall, with smaller leaders and a less powerful grasp, and dealing with a community which, although easy and good-natured, is suspicious and watchful, and has not forgotten TWEED and the dangerous old ring. The sole question is whether it will think it worth while to take pains again. The task, indeed, is made easier by the new ballot law. That makes official much of the work which had to be done by private individuals. But no reform will carry itself. A committee may lead and organize and arrange, but only the voters heartily co-operating with them can accomplish the work.

Failure in such effective co-operation would be a sad impeachment of the character and public spirit of New York. Our entire government depends upon that public spirit at every point and in every degree. The great party machines have grown up largely because of the absorption of the voters in their private affairs, and of the clear perception of shrewd politicians that the great mass of such voters would be delighted with a have-your-cake-and-eat-it contrivance, by which they should seem to be doing their whole duty by taking time to vote. This disposition and the spoils system have produced the party machine as we know it, and it is strengthened by the vehement declaration of Senators and distinguished orators that parties are indispensable, that everybody must choose his party and then stick to it. A voter chooses his party accordingly, and sticks to it by demanding on election day to know the name of "our —— rascal," and voting the regular ticket. This, as everybody knows, is largely the case, and it is especially so with the great majority of intelligent voters at municipal elections. They vote then exclusively by the party labels, for they know nothing of individual candidates. We are now to have the opportunity in New York, if we really care for it, to change this system, and to turn politics out of affairs which they merely perplex and corrupt. If good citizens are as much interested in the subject as bad citizens, the change will be effected.

LIBRARIES IN NEW YORK.

AT the close of the late University Convocation at Albany a conference was held of those especially interested in libraries, for the consideration of various questions connected with the welfare of libraries in the State of New York. The Director of the State Library, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, the Statistician of the National Bureau of Education, and several librarians from different parts of the State, together with library pupils and other persons, were present. The general subject of library management and of concerted action to promote the welfare of libraries was informally discussed, and a provisional organization of a New York Library Association was effected. There are noble libraries in New York, but the library as a part of the State system of education is by no means developed as it should be. The valuable books of reference indispensable to scholars which abound in the libraries are not made properly accessible, and an efficient system of free popular libraries is yet wanting. Superintendent DRAPER, in his annual report two or three years since, treated very fully the question of the school district libraries, and at the conference he restated the facts concerning them.

The State grants fifty thousand dollars a year for the maintenance of the district libraries, which are not, as is generally supposed, school libraries, but public libraries in the school districts, placed under the care of school officers. The amount of money distributed to the districts, however, is very inconsiderable for any one of them, and it is frequently applied, we believe, to the salaries of teachers or to school expenses. The books disappear, and the annual increase of libraries is insignificant, so that the Superintendent justly holds that the legislation upon the whole subject should be revised and adapted to the actual situation. The conference suggested that the Superintendent of Public Instruction and the Director of the State Library should prepare a bill regulating this subject, and such other library interests as they might think desirable. The main purpose should be the organization of a scheme to make the libraries of the State most available to its schools and colleges and its general system of education. By the law of 1889, which consolidates the chief statutes relating to the University of the State, all incorporated libraries in the State are made parts of that institution. They may well, therefore, be brought into connection with the State Library at Albany, and the treasures of that collection may be wisely made accessible upon simple and reasonable conditions to all the teachers of colleges and schools connected with the university.

The Director of the State Library was formerly the librarian of Columbia College, and the college has consented to the transfer of the library school to the State Library. The proper administration of a library, the methods of securing its utmost service to the public, are in themselves subjects of careful study. Love of books and wide reading no more qualify a person to be an efficient librarian than love of the sea fits him to command a ship. Such efficiency is the result of study and experience. The library school is designed to impart the necessary knowledge, so that the libraries of the State, administered by persons thus qualified, may become a force in popular education which is now almost wholly unknown. The Director of the State Library is authorized to employ such assistants as are best fitted, without other compensation than the instruction and supervision furnished by the library. Pupils may be received for instruction at a small expense, and for the successful completion of the course of studies library degrees in library science may be conferred, and so far as appropriation for salaries will allow, library fellowships and scholarships may be assigned to qualified pupils. The library school organizes and imparts the instruction which is necessary for the effective conduct of libraries. It is heartily approved by the most competent librarians in the country, and many of the pupils of the school when under the auspices of Columbia College have obtained excellent situations. The whole subject will be brought to public attention, and the practical value of libraries will be greatly enhanced by the association which has been formed.

THE BEHRING SEA QUESTION.

The correspondence upon the Behring Sea complication is long and able. The chief points are two: first, a question of authority over the sea; and second, of the seal fishery. Under the first head our case is simply that we have succeeded to all rights in the Behring Sea which Russia enjoyed; that we have exercised and claimed no other; and that Great Britain never questioned those rights while they were possessed by Russia. To this it is answered that the United States did question them, and the despatch of John Quincy Adams is cited by Lord Salisbury, in which Mr. Adams says that the United States from the earliest times have always exercised a perfect right of navigation and fishing in the Behring Sea, subject only to rightful territorial jurisdiction, which, so far as Russia is concerned, is confined to certain islands, and has no existence on the American continent. Mr. Blaine shows that Mr. Adams's despatch is not cited in full by Lord Salisbury, and that the part omitted contains the ground of our claim. Mr. Adams defined the limits of Russian authority in a manner which Russia acknowledged to be correct, and Mr. Blaine maintains that Great Britain and the United States practically renounced any rights in the Behring waters "during the period of Russia's sovereignty, thereby acquiescing in a prohibition against any vessel approaching nearer to the coast than one hundred Italian miles under danger of confiscation."

Mr. Blaine's historical survey is interesting, and Lord Salisbury's carelessness in the citation of the Adams despatch is unfortunate for his case. By the one-hundred-mile restriction Russia intended to prevent foreign nations from sharing in the fur trade, and the taking of furs by foreigners in those waters "was always and under all circumstances illicit." In later treaties, in 1843 and 1859, Great Britain readjusted and enlarged her commercial relations with Russia, but her position in the Behring Sea remained unchanged. There is no question of the fact of our succession to all Russian rights which were not withheld by the treaty. If England acquiesced in those rights from the treaty of 1825 to the Russian cession to the United States in 1867, why does she now decline to acquiesce?

The cleverness of diplomacy having stated the case upon both sides, it is a question for good sense not for cannon to settle. Great Britain raises a question, and therefore summary proceedings pending a settlement would be inexcusable unless our government has made up its mind to have its way or fight. Such a conclusion, of course, would be deplorable. But unless it be adopted, the subject should now be referred to some friendly arbitration. The correspondence is able, and the people of both countries should be satisfied that the work of their advocates having been well done, and no agreement reached, the question must now be "left out."

FAMILY JARS.

Mr. Blaine must still be reckoned with by the Republican party. His condemnation of the McKinley bill, which was designed to be the great party measure, is the more significant because he bases it upon the principle of protection. Reciprocity, as he proposes it, he declares to be the highest form of protection, and the best way to promote trade. He charges a change of opinion upon the Senate, which, he says, "has certainly been remarkable in so brief a period"; and he cries halt at the very moment that leading papers of the party, which once proudly called itself the party of free speech, are demanding that debate shall cease, because, practically, it is useless.

The significance of Mr. Blaine's position lies in the support it receives from a large part of the party, and the tone in which it is criticised by that part which disagrees with him. Here is the end of the summer approaching, and the two great party measures are not only not passed, but are not certain of passing. The situation illustrates the futility of assuming definitely the meaning of an election. The reasoning in this case is that the Republican party is the party of protection and of honest elections (*pace* Quay, Dudley, blocks of five, and soap!). The party having elected the President, the country approves and demands a protective tariff and an election bill. *Argal*, the country demands the McKinley tariff and the Lodge bill.

The dreadful slip in the logic is shown by Mr. Blaine's letters to Mr. Frye, and by the silence of Western Republican State Conventions upon the Lodge bill. Mr. Blaine is a Republican and a protectionist not less than Mr. McKinley and Mr. Halstead are; not less a Republican and a friend of honest elections than Mr. Lodge or Mr. Chandler. The blunder is in supposing that Republican sentiment, which favors both protection and electoral honesty, must necessarily approve as wise and expedient any measure designed to secure them. Mr. Blaine says that for his Republican part he thinks the McKinley bill unwise, and the Republican *Judge* sneers at him as "Jealous Jim." Mr. Halstead says that, as a Republican and a lover of fair play, he thinks the Lodge bill inexpedient; and the Republican Mr. Chandler, with an effect of unspeakable farce, which he is most unfortunate if he does not perceive, gravely brands him, like the tearful Walrus sorting out the largest oysters, as an apostate, a renegade, a traitor, and other reprehensible characters. This is a situation which in every intelligent mind raises the question whether the managers have not misinterpreted the precise significance of the election.

MOVING ON.

The post-office is the point at which the people come into contact with the national government. In every little frontier village, as in the largest cities, it is the office in which the best and promptest administration is necessary for the daily comfort of the country. It is the one in which there is the least excuse for political and partisan meddling; but it is also the one in which such meddling has been most constant and universal. It is therefore very pleasant to see the awakening of public sentiment to the nonsense of the perpetual tampering by politicians with the convenience and good service of the people in the post-offices.

We are now reaching that height of civilization which insists that if a post-office is conveniently situated, neatly kept, and free from annoyances; if letters and papers and packages are despatched and received and distributed swiftly and surely; and if the whole postal service at that point is satisfactory to the great multitude of persons who use the office—there shall not be a change, and the entire service shall not be interrupted and deranged because some member of Congress, who has nothing whatever to do with the office, wishes to reward some politician who has been useful to him, or the useful parasite of some useful politician, by paying him out of the public Treasury.

It now often happens that if there be a satisfactory postmaster anywhere, the intelligent people of the community which is served by him ask to have him retained, as lately in Monson, Massachusetts; to which reasonable request, however, the Postmaster-General made the utterly irrelevant reply that he should never recommend the appointment of a Democrat so long as there was a Republican to fill the office. No such question had been raised. Republicans and Democrats asked that their perfectly satisfactory postmaster should be reappointed. They knew, and Mr. Wanamaker did not know, whether his political views unfitted him in any way for his duties. The request proved that they did not, and the request, not Mr. Wanamaker's reply, was the significant fact.

So in Brooklyn the new Republican postmaster discovered that almost all the chief places in the office were held under his Democratic predecessor by Republicans; not for that reason, but because the Republicans were efficient and admirable officers, and like any sensible head of a business office, he declined to remove them because of their religious or political or scientific views. The new postmaster, moreover, found that the one good place held by a Democrat was capably and satisfactorily filled, and he will for that reason retain him. These facts suggest two questions—was there any reason connected with the public service why the postmaster who had put the Brooklyn post-office into that admirably efficient condition should be removed because of reasons for which he declined to remove his subordinates? and was the postal service or the efficiency of the party of administration injured in the least degree by a Democratic postmaster's retention of efficient Republican clerks?

THE WOLFF-LEAVENWORTH ENGRAVINGS.

Dr. Comfort, Dean of the College of Fine Arts in the Syracuse University, in an interesting address delivered at the opening of the Wolff-Leavenworth collection of engravings, presented to the university by Mrs. Leavenworth, describes that exceedingly valuable and unique collection, perhaps unsurpassed in its kind by any collection gathered by a private person. It is confined almost exclusively to portraits, and to portraits of particular classes of persons. Its nucleus, so to speak, is a collection of portraits of physicians, around which are gathered heads of masters in every branch of natural science—chemists, geologists, mineralogists, botanists, geographers, explorers, navigators, inventors, with a good representation of celebrated men in other branches who have contributed to the advancement of human knowledge.

For fifty years Dr. Wolff, of Bonn, was engaged in this accumulation, travelling far and making himself thoroughly acquainted with all public and private galleries, adding complete collections to his own, and becoming one of the most accomplished connoisseurs of his time in this branch of art. The collection embraces examples of every style and variety of engraving, and works of every important master, from Albert Dürer to Raphael Morghen and the later engravers. The number of different portraits of the same subject is very large. There are, for instance, thirteen of Alexander Humboldt, sixteen of Buffon, twenty-five of Erasmus, twenty-seven of Linnæus, thirty-five of Paracelsus, and a multitude of similar instances.

It is a collection without parallel in America, and Mrs. Leavenworth, in presenting it to the Syracuse University, has nobly fulfilled the wish of her husband. It was General Leavenworth's desire to found a school of industrial art for women in the city with which he was identified. But some error in the will defeating this purpose, his widow has given it to the College of Fine Arts in the university—a college already established, and a large majority of whose students are young women. The result will be, perhaps, not less especially beneficent than General Leavenworth designed. Dr. Comfort mentions the museum as the monument of three octogenarians, Dr. Wolff, who made the collection; General Leavenworth, whose bequest it is to the university; and Mr. John Crouse, whose liberality has erected the building in which it is placed. It is a notable addition to the essential treasures of the State.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Robert Laird Collier, who died the other day at his country house near Salisbury, Maryland, was a brilliant pulpit orator, and had been settled over important Unitarian churches in Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago, Washington, and other places in this country, while he preached for a time in Leicester, England. He was also an entertaining writer, and had published several books. President Garfield appointed him Consul to Leipsic, and under President Cleveland's administration he was sent abroad to gather labor statistics. He was a warm friend of Henry Irving, Wilson Barrett, and Edwin Booth. Among working-people he had many admirers, the experiences of his own early life having enabled him to understand and sympathize most fully with the struggles of toiling humanity.

—Chicago is trying to induce Theodore Thomas to transfer himself and his famous orchestra permanently to that city.

—Castelar, the Spanish statesman, is writing a life of Christ as well as a history of Spain.

—Boston is to have a new statue of Admiral Farragut, modelled by H. H. Kitson, the Boston sculptor. Mr. Kitson is only twenty-six years old, but has already achieved much success by his work in this country and abroad.

—Dr. Gatling, of Hartford, Connecticut, the inventor of the famous gun, is a comparatively old man, but still keeps busily at work with his plans and conceptions. Back of his handsome house on Charter Oak Hill is a long workshop filled with tools, models, and diagrams, and among these the doctor spends a portion of nearly every week-day.

—A number of Iowa men living near Des Moines have become so far imbued with the Edward Bellamy idea of co-operation that they have formed a colony, and hope to found a community near Lake Charles, Louisiana. Here they propose to live the ideal life, testing the advantages and possibly the follies of Mr. Bellamy's dream.

—Miss Isabella Hood, a distant relative of Thomas Hood, the poet, has recently died at Dundee, Scotland. She well remembered Mr. Hood both as a boy and a man, having seen him on several occasions when he visited Dundee, the last time in 1843, and she possessed a number of interesting mementos of the poet.

—The New Hampshire courts have finally admitted a woman to the bar of that State. She is Mrs. Morilla M. Ricker, who has practised before the courts of the District of Columbia since 1882. It is said that she never receives a retainer or a fee, her services being gratuitous and for the cause of the needy. In New Hampshire she hopes soon to test the legal rights of her sex in a number of cases.

—A clock of solid silver has been placed in the cathedral at Charkov, Russia, in memory of the Czar's escape from death in the railroad accident at Borhi.

—The late Joseph H. Paine, of Brooklyn, the famous penman and expert in handwriting, was for thirty years a witness in many of the most important cases before the courts where questions of chirography were involved.

—General Ezeta, who heads the revolution in San Salvador, is only twenty-seven years old.

—Queen Victoria's chief cook is a Mohammedan.

—Ex-President Andrew D. White, of Cornell University, is soon to marry the beautiful and accomplished daughter of President McGill, of Swarthmore College.

—Prince George, who is visiting this side of the water as the Captain of the British war ship *Thrush*, is twenty-five years old and the second son of the Prince of Wales. He has been in the navy since 1879, and has passed through the various grades up to Lieutenant.

—Hogarth's house at Chiswick, England, is rapidly going to decay, and no one seems ready to rescue it from utter demolition.

—Another famous tree has fallen before the woodman's axe. It was a huge chestnut, nine feet and four inches in diameter, and stood on the old Elder Winsor Farm, near Greenville, Rhode Island. Its trunk was hollow enough in 1842, during the Dorr rebellion, to contain the arms of the rebels, who hid them there after their defeat at Acote's Hill.

—Miss Abigail Dodge, better known as Gail Hamilton, conducts a "Bible talk" in Secretary Blaine's drawing-room at Washington on Sunday afternoons. Her audience is usually composed of members of the so-called "American court," Mrs. Harrison not infrequently being present.

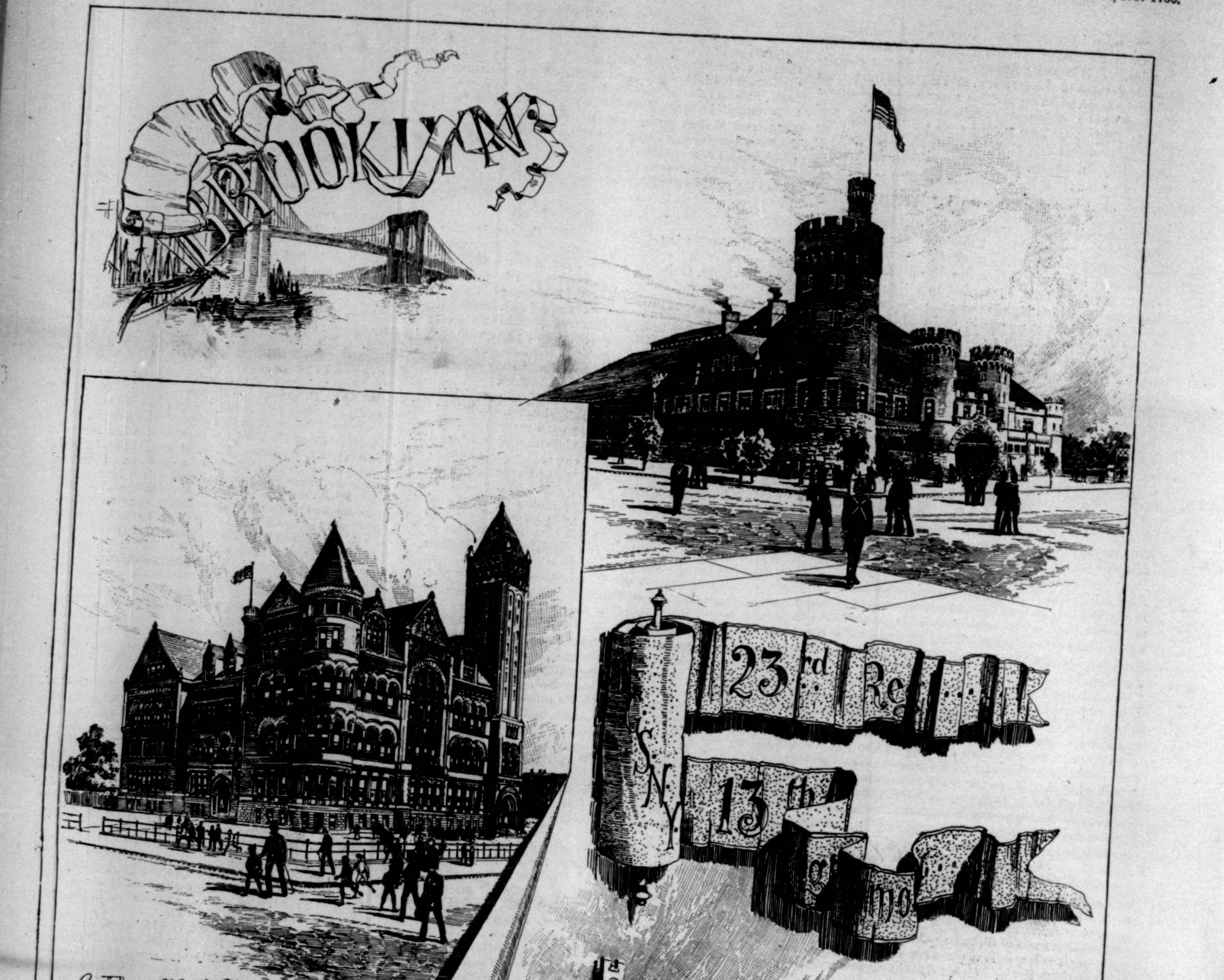
—Mrs. Eva Bellinger Hart, probably the oldest person living in New York State, died recently at the age of one hundred and thirteen years. Her early girlhood was enlivened by events attending the Indian wars waged in the Mohawk Valley.

—Hugh McLeod, a Scotch crofter living in County Ross, is called the oldest man in Great Britain. His age is one hundred and six years.

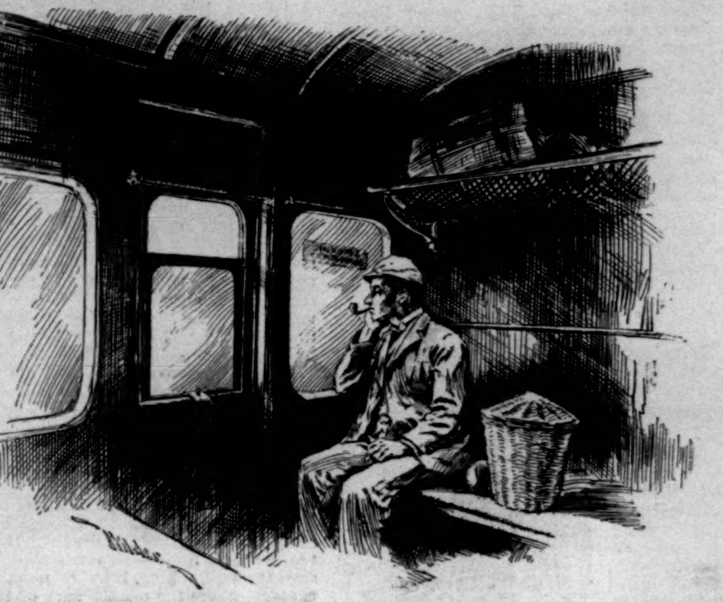
—Judge Calvin E. Pratt, of Brooklyn and the State Supreme Court, led a regiment to the war, and carries in his head a bullet which he received in the seven days' contest near Mechanicsville, Virginia. The wound was believed to be fatal at the time, but his excellent constitution enabled him to pull through.

—Sir Richard Wallace, the famous collector of art treasures, is dead. He gathered himself some of the choicest works of great masters, and when his father, the Marquis of Hertford, died in Paris some years ago, he inherited a still more remarkable collection, which had been jealously guarded in a Parisian mansion.

—Between garden parties given by the Prince of Wales and other little social attentions paid to him in London, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew seems to be having as pleasant a time as any American could have among his British cousins. Amid these rapidly recurring events and scenes of gastronomic dissipation Mr. Depew seems to preserve his equanimity perfectly, and the newspaper interviewer finds him as charmingly non-committal as if he was seated in his office at the Grand Central.


Brooklyn
23rd Reg
S.N.Y.
13th
The Boys' High School...
Hughson Hawley

THREE NEW BUILDINGS FOR BROOKLYN.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 619.]



INTERIOR OF THIRD-CLASS COMPARTMENT.

FIRST RIDES ON ENGLISH CARS.

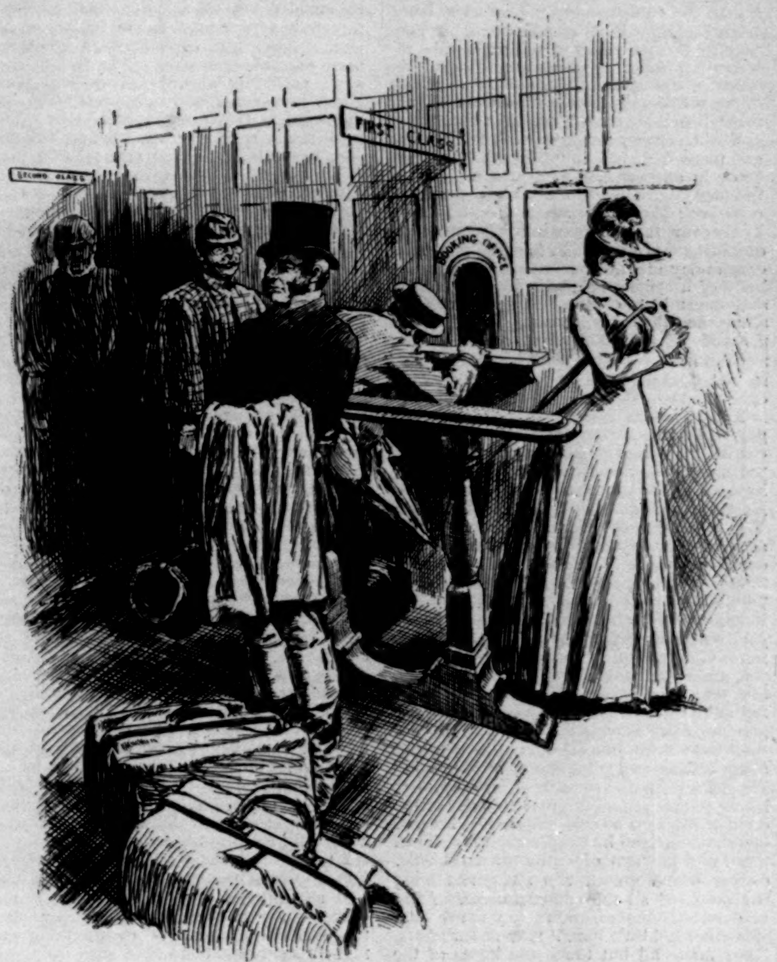
BY JULIAN RALPH.

Illustrated by Bert Wilder.

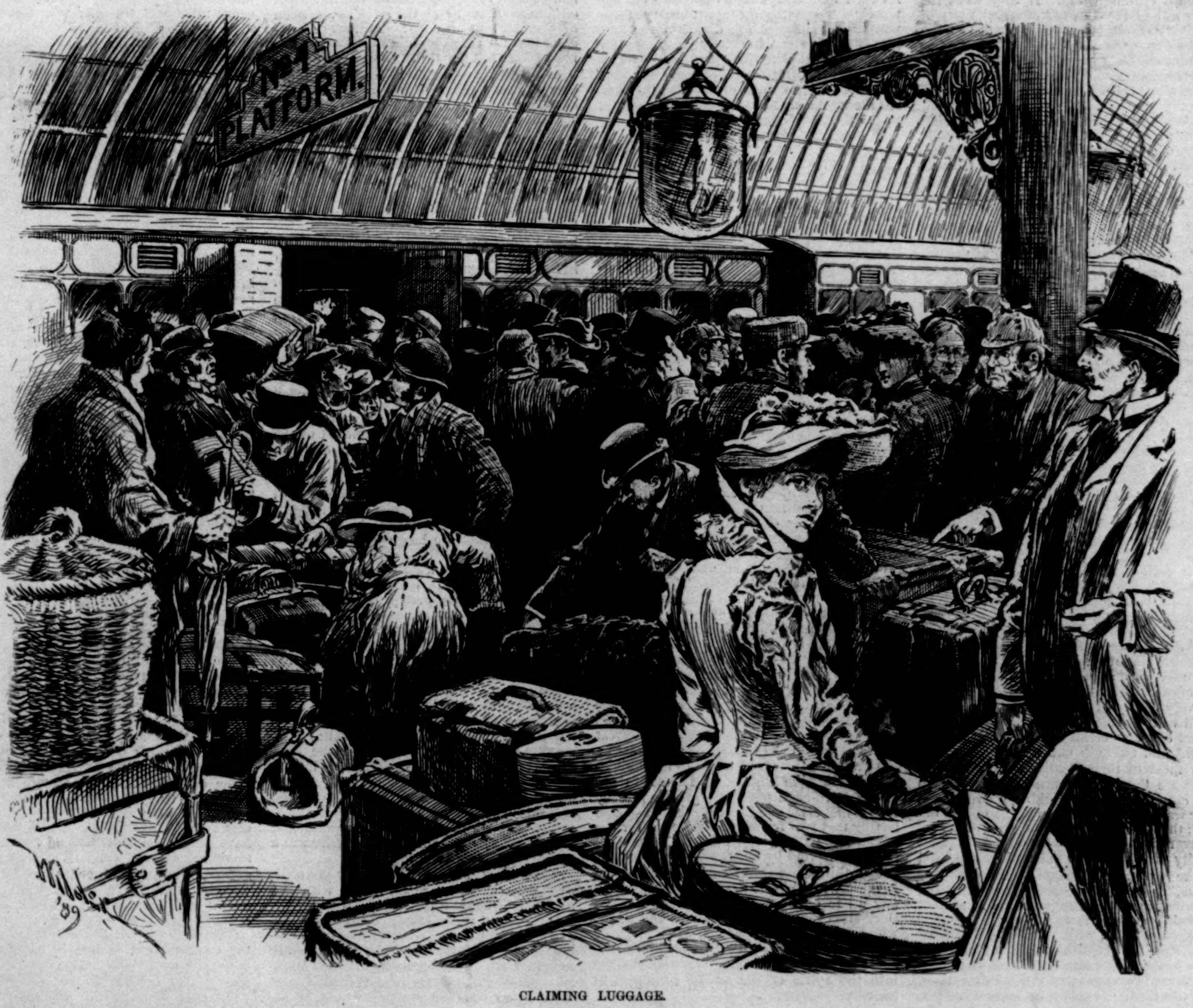
THOSE Americans who go abroad to discover the shortcomings of Europe and to exaggerate their own satisfaction with everything American are always happiest when they are describing an English, French, or German railroad. They are half wrong, as bigots usually are; but then, again, they are half right. The truest comparison and fairest statement of the facts concerning English and American railroads is that if they had our cars and we had their roads, both countries would enjoy railroading in perfection.

In order to present the completest picture to the American reader, let him or her imagine a summer horse-car with the sides boarded up—one of those horse-cars we New-Yorkers ride upon Third Avenue in, with cross seats facing one another in pairs. Let him imagine the back of every alternate seat carried up to the ceiling. That would divide the car into three or four boxes. Then put a window at each end of each seat, and a door at each end of each passage. The windows must be tight and immovable, but there must be a sliding window in every door, to hoist up and down by means of a broad leather strap, worn black and soft by handling. Now mark "Third Class" on the boxes that are over the wheels at either end of the car, and paint "First Class" on the boxes between the wheels in the middle of the car. Cushion the first-class seats, and pad their backs as high as one's head; then carpet the third-class seats, and nail carpet on their backs, and you have turned an open horse-car into an English railway carriage. There is a narrow board on each side of the horse-car for the conductor to walk upon, and that is there also on the English car; but the English railroad car is boarded up at either end, whereas the American horse-car is glazed.

Now let the American think of all the comforts and conveniences there are in our railroad coaches—the toilet stand, the closet, the heating apparatus, the drinking-water cylinder. Not one of these is in an English railroad car—not one. All those things are at the station, not in the cars. In the English cars there is an ineffectual and timid light, half concealed above a thick convex glass in the roof of each compartment, and there is a rack over each seat. This is the fact whether you ride first class or third class. In some of the cars there is a map of the railroad over one bench, and an advertisement of the railroad's hotels facing it, in each compartment. The map strikes me as a most excellent idea. There is also posted in



INSIDE OF BOOKING-OFFICE.


No 1 PLATFORM.

CLAIMING LUGGAGE.

each compartment a statement of the number of persons it is designed to accommodate. "This compartment is for ten persons," was always posted in the third-class and second-class compartments; in the first-class ones the seats are divided by padded arms to accommodate three persons each, or six to the compartment. That is a European custom. Even on shipboard on your way to Europe you will notice, cast in the iron door-frame of every room aboard the vessel, a statement of the number of sailors or passengers or stewards or stokers that may inhabit each apartment.

You buy your ticket at what the English are pleased to call a "booking-office," because in another century it was the custom to enter your name in a book in order to secure your passage in a stage-coach. And, by-the-way, that stage-coach influence is so dominant that more than half the passenger cars to-day are shaped so as to suggest the body of a stage-coach, with a rounded roof and queer little ornamental lines or ridges along the sides, curving up at either end as the body of the coach used to. And what are the little compartments of the cars but so many stage-coach interiors—seats, racks, door-windows, straps, and all?

You buy your ticket, and get a porter, or guard, in blue livery, who leads you and carries your bag to whatever sort of compartment your ticket calls for. You "tip" him, of course, with twopence if you are English, and a shilling if you are American. You sit down and look out of the open door at scenes very little different, except for the cars, from those at any depot at home. A newsboy comes along. He calls out "Pipers!" if it is in London, and "Papers!" if it is anywhere else. All the other passengers watch what you buy, in order to determine your politics. If you buy the *News*, you are a Gladstonian; the *Times* or *Standard*, you are a Tory. They know the meaning of the whole list, but as I do not, I will give no more examples. Presently a man with the word "Inspector" on his cap goes along calling out, "Tickets, tickets, please." He takes your ticket, and, using a clumsy, heavy punch, gouges a great hole out of the edge of the card-board—a V-shaped hole, or one that is shaped like half a cracker. Then there is a moment of extraordinary bustle, during which guards run along slamming the doors of all the compartments. After that the train moves, and there you are, shut in a wretched little box, it may be for hours. Your knees all but touch the knees of the man in front of you. If it happens that the men who sit by the windows wish them open, you sit in the most violent, perhaps the most chilling wind. If they want the windows closed, you may suffocate. You will certainly breathe enough bad air to develop a headache. One of them may be drunk, one may smoke a pipe—first class or third class this may all happen—or one may want to fight, but there you are, taking whatever comes.

At odd intervals all the doors on one side of the train are thrown open, and there is another inspection of tickets. This happens at large cities and at stations close to such important places. It is at the large places that passengers may obtain those conveniences which we have in our cars, including those which come to us accompanied by those boys who peddle goods on the cars.

Where the long stops are made at the important stations there are lunch counters very like ours, and news stands and drinking faucets, and all the rest. There is also time to stretch one's legs, and look over the baggage to see that one's trunk is not put off by mistake, for the English traveller on most roads must in a measure be his own baggage agent, and can have no peace of mind until he is accustomed to the English system, and finds that it works well. It does work well, though there seems no logical reason why it should.

Though I had read about English railroads all my life, they were new to me when I saw them. It seemed to me that no one had gone sufficiently into details in describing them. The small size, the absolute plainness, and the simplicity, almost rudeness, of both the cars and the engines surprised me. They looked to me like slightly magnified toy trains, such as the Germans send to our toy dealers for Christmas-time. Nearly everything that is intensely useful in England is intensely plain, if not ugly, as I discovered afterward. They are a plain, brusque, strong, practical people, little given to ornament, or to beautifying merely for beauty's sake what they use. Just as our locomotives are among the most attractive of our works, suggesting the very poetry of speed and strength combined with lightness, so theirs are among the ugliest of man's creations, indicative only of weight and strength and solidity. So it is with most of their creations. Their omnibuses are the quintessence of awkwardness and clumsiness; their cars are mere boxes; their wagons are cumbrous to the utmost degree; their steamboats are hideous; their other river craft are rude beyond belief. That quality which we used to hear of as essential to the best college oarsmen, "the git-thar stroke," is what all the English vehicles and machines have, and that seems to be all that Englishmen desire them to have.

I should think, without having measured them, that the English cars are more than three feet, perhaps four feet, lower than ours, and at least two feet narrower. Fancy, then, how much smaller they must seem when you understand that you never enter them by steps, but go into them from platforms built nearly up to the level of the car flooring. You can almost see over a train as it draws up at a station. A tall man stands up in the cars, and has room to spare, but he must stoop to enter the doors. Each car has an illuminated coat of arms on each side, and the name of the road, or the initials of the name, much less ostentatiously displayed than on American cars. The freight cars seem positively absurd. They call them "goods waggons," and they are as queer and awkward as those words look to us. The great majority of them are what we call flat cars, or gondolas, but they are not half as long as our gondolas; in fact, they are little longer than our coal cars. They ride on four high skeleton or spoked wheels—very like wagons indeed. Very often, after they are loaded, the freight in them is covered over with tarpaulin cloth, as our Long Island farmers protect their vegetables when they cart them to market. There are box cars in England, but they seemed to me comparatively few in number, and they were only half as big as ours. The English locomotives look as if they were all cast in one piece, and then had the wheels added. I am not mechanic enough to say how they are made, but they seem to show one unbroken expanse of black iron from the boiler-head to the fire-box. And their little short smoke-stacks, the curving shields over their wheels, and the sheet of metal that makes apology for a cab seem all one piece of metal run out of one mould. You see little of their working gear except their wheels and driving-rods, and the cab for the engineer and fireman is usually a plain upright wall of iron a little higher than the heads of those operatives, and provided with two round goggle windows, one on either side, for them to look ahead through. A few of the newer engines are made so that this wall of metal curves over the heads of the men, but even these are open at the sides. This seems cruel, but I suspect that the true cruelty is in our extremes of climate, which compel our engineers to be almost completely housed. The low, short, small, black locomotives are usually as devoid of ornament as a cat that has escaped from a fire with nothing but its life.

I never understood, with all my reading, that instead of the trains being divided into first, second, and third class cars, it is the cars that are divided into compartments for the different classes. Of course there are first-class cars and third-class ones, but those are the exceptions. I saw very few. The rule is to apportion one car among the various classes, and to mark "third class" those forward and rear boxes that are over the wheels. They are so set apart because those who ride in them feel the grinding and pounding of the wheels, which is not the case with those who ride "first class" in the middle compartments. Beyond this rule there is no fixed system of dividing the cars; but the most common plan, as I remember it, was this:

Smoking	Third	First	First	Third

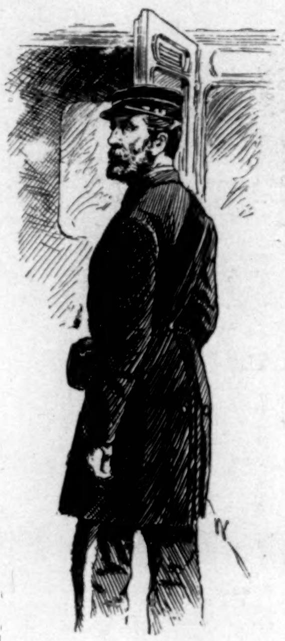
On roads that maintain the second-class division, one of these compartments would be so marked. I have seen one car so divided as to be as complete as an entire train in America, in this way:

Luggage	Smoking	First	Second	Third	Guard

But there are as many modes of division as there are possibilities of arrangement. There is always a luggage compartment on every train, of course—a bare room in which the baggage is heaped. The guard's box is also a feature of every train. It is a very small compartment with a projecting window at each end, and a seat in each window. From this the guards command a view of the sides of the train.

It is said that only lords, Americans, and fools ride first class, and it is very nearly true, the fact being that very nice and very well-to-do English men and women use the cheapest compartments. The reason is that there is a very wide difference in the cost, and a very slight difference in the accommodations. Third-class fares are about the same as the regular passenger rate in New York State—two cents a mile. To ride first class in England costs a little more than three cents and a half a mile. I say little about second-class fares or compartments because there never was any logical excuse for a second class, and already one great road has abandoned that grade of service.

There are all sorts of tricks to learn about railroad riding in England, and some of them give a third-class passenger greater privacy than a first-class one secures. For instance, having met two friends at Liverpool for the purpose of journeying back to London with them, I was told by a shrewd Englishman to take a third-class compartment, and "make it right with the guard" so as to have the box all to ourselves. We purchased three third-class tickets, and promised the guard who showed us to our seats four shillings, or one dollar, if we were not disturbed by strangers on the journey to London. He entered into the spirit of the unjust arrangement heartily.



THE GUARD.

"Two of you be lookin' out of the windows, as if it was crowded," said he; "and one of you stand before the door on the platform."

We did so, and he ran off, to return in a minute with a long narrow strip of paper dripping with paste. This he put upon one window of our compartment. It was a printed form that he had filled up with writing in pencil, and it read as follows:

> **ENGAGED.**
>
> FROM *Liverpool*
>
> TO *London.*
>
> *July* 19, '89.

He turned people away until the train started, and stood guard at our door at every station except one. Then he was busy elsewhere, and our box was invaded by a man and wife and a second woman and four children. The guard saw them soon after they had entered the compartment, and he "shooed" them all out much the same as a woman drives chickens in a barn-yard. The first-class fare for that 200-mile ride would have been $7 25, but our tickets cost only $4 12.

Afterward I never saw men filling the door to a compartment that I did not think of the guard's instructions to us at Liverpool; and, indeed, two months later, while in Devonshire, an acquaintance I had formed in that earthly paradise bade me stand beside him in the door of an empty compartment so that we might secure it all to ourselves, as we did.

I had an experience akin to these on my last railroad trip in England. I had reserved until then the opportunity to try a sleeping carriage; but when I reached Euston Station, in London, I found that in changing my English money into American I had not left myself sufficient coin of the realm to pay the excessive fare for a berth. Remembering that it was possible to monopolize a third-class compartment (and possibly urged by a spirit of adventure), I mentioned the project to a guard. He gave me a place to myself, took his tip, and locked me in. I made a pillow of my hold-all and a blanket of my steamer rug, and was just ready to begin a night's sleep, when a key was thrust in the door, the door was flung open, and a man wearing an inspector's dress rudely demanded, "'Ere, wot's hall this?" I told him of the arrangement I had made, and he said (quite after our American fashion, I thought) that nothing had been said to him about it. It appeared that the language in which he wished to be consulted was the eloquent chink of coin. He went away, wishing me a good night's rest. Of course the guard had told him, in the first place, of this capture of a rich American—for all Americans are rich over there, just as all brewers are over here—and he had determined to have his share of my wealth. I had that compartment all to myself from London to Liverpool.

I am not blind to the impropriety of these performances, but they are presented as showing what the English system of railroading permits. One other incident of the kind shows that the overtures toward these irregularities are sometimes made by the companies' servants. Wishing to smoke on one occasion, I found all the smoking compartments pretty well crowded. A guard saw me turn away from one in which there was a vacant seat.

"Would you like a place all by yourself, sir?" he asked, touching his cap with one finger. "I think I can manage it, sir."

He put me in an empty third-class compartment, and posted a slip marked "Smoking" upon its window. He saw that chance to earn a tip. But on more than one occasion afterward, in cars of every class, men have asked whether smoking would be objectionable, and finding no opposition, have lighted their pipes or cigars, usually their pipes. When this happened in third-class cars women were present, but they made no protest.

An English railroad journey is not apt to be so pleasant as a ride of similar length at home. This is because of the law which prevents railroads crossing roads or other tracks at a level. When you are walking or carriage riding in England you seldom see a railroad until you cross over it upon a bridge, and the consequence of this altogether admirable custom is that when you are in English cars you are usually below the level of the surrounding country. When entering London you ride through mile after mile of the city without being made aware that you are within the metropolis except by the names of the stations on the way. Where the population is dense, the road is apt to be laid between walls of masonry, and even in the open country you are continually riding between sloping banks of grass that hide from you any other view. When there comes a bit of riding on the level of the surrounding country, the tracks are fenced in by hedges or walls of old "sleepers." The views one gets—and some of them are truly fine, as those among the peaks of Derby on the Midland route—are occasioned by passage through rolling, hilly, or mountainous country, where the maintenance of the road level often brings the tracks above the valleys or between the hills.

The road-beds are vastly better than ours. All that I saw were rock ballasted, and laid with very heavy steel rails. Then, again, the rails, which are shaped differently from ours, are fastened to every tie by a chair, so that "spreading" appears to be impossible. A chair, I may explain, in railroad parlance is that metal joint or clasp we see used on our roads where the ends of two rails meet. Our rails, as every one knows, are slightly rounded at the top, and broadened into a wide flat base where they rest on the ties. The English rail is almost the shape of half of an hour-glass cut in two lengthwise. It is very little broader at the bottom than the top. The chairs fit around the lower half of the rail, and are fastened to the ties with two spikes on either side. But the finish and cost and solidity of every adjunct of an English road-bed surprise Americans. The miles upon miles of masonry on either side of the track; the stations of stone or brick; the stone platforms; the stone bridges; the carefully kept, neat "grass lines" at the sides of the tracks; the truly enormous stations in the great cities, often accompanied by grand hotels maintained by the companies—all these features surprise and please every intelligent traveller who has thought a journey to Philadelphia offered the most perfect riding in the world, and who imagined the Fourth Avenue sunken track and Grand Central Station in New York the most costly railroad constructions known to man.

There is nothing without a cause, and the cause of this perfection in English railroad building is not difficult to find—not a tenth so difficult as it is to give a reason for their holding to their absurd and inadequate rolling stock. England is a small country densely populated. Her cities were built up before the roads were constructed, and to construct them was to make certain of enormous traffic. From end to end England is only 365 miles long; from side to side, at the broadest part, it is only 280 miles wide. Illinois and England are about the same size. Building railroads there was a different thing from building them here. Their profits naturally go toward perfecting their plants, as ours have gone toward lengthening our systems out into the West. Our railroads have mainly developed their own business, while theirs had their business already developed and awaiting them. Then only think what the English business is as compared with ours. England in fifty years has built only 18,000 miles of railroads, but in 1882 those roads carried 563,000,000 passengers. We in fifty years have built 150,000 miles of railroads, but in 1885 we carried only 351,000,000 passengers. In those facts and figures lies reason enough for the superiority of the English railroad plant. Give us the same conditions and we will do as well, but it will take time to bring about such conditions.

Is it true that there is faster travelling in England than here? Yes, there are faster trains and more of them. The run from London to Liverpool is 200 miles, and it is made in 255 minutes, or at the rate of a mile in a minute and twenty-seven seconds, which, when the stops are taken into account, is very nearly an average of a mile a minute. The run to Edinburgh on two railroads is made in the same time. These are world-famous instances, but they are by no means the only ones. The expresses to Brighton made as good time, and I more than once timed the trains I rode in to other points, and found them making occasional miles at that speed. The beauty of it is, where you have such road-beds, that the sensation of travelling at such speed is not unpleasant, except when curves are rounded. How very much less unpleasant the same journeys would be if made in our splendid passenger coaches I can only conjecture.

The stories about the advantage taken of the compartment system by female adventurers are not greatly exaggerated. In London, on the sulphurous and cavernous Underground Railroad, one day while I was a passenger there, an Englishman told me of two instances of attempted blackmail that were fresh in his mind. In one he played a conspicuous part. Happening to be left alone with a woman in a compartment, she raised an outcry when the train slowed up at one of the stations. He asked her what was the matter, and she said that unless he gave her a sum of money she intended to have him arrested. He defied her, and she screamed again, continuing her cries until the train stopped and a guard came to the door. To him my acquaintance told the plain story of what had occurred, and it chanced that the guard believed him.

"I've seen you travelling a bit too often up and down the road," the guard said to her; "and I'll advise you to say no more, but leave before you get into trouble."

This gentleman said that very shortly after this happened he was travelling on the same line when he noticed a man and woman get off at a station and go to the lunch counter. She followed behind her companion, insisting that there was not time to get whatever he wanted. He was very complacent and leisurely, however, and just as the guards were shutting the doors he urged the woman to run. She did so, and he helped her into the car as it began to move. Then he slammed the door and remained on the platform, while the train sped away.

"That was a narrow escape," said he. "That woman and I were together in a compartment, and she insisted upon talking to me. I am certain she is a blackmailer. I flatter myself I outwitted her pretty neatly."

I happened to see the best work at car-building the English are able to do. There were doors in the sides, as in other cars, and, indeed, they were shaped precisely like ordinary cars, and differed from others only in being thrown into one room, with larger windows than those of any other cars that I saw. Much the most gorgeous feature of "the outfit" was the conductor, a solemn giant ablaze with gold-lace; but even he was not so extraordinary as the number of servants and the quantity of baggage that came out of the second car. Every piece of baggage was black and marked with the royal owner's name, as "H. R. H. the Princess Victoria," "H. R. H. the Prince of Wales"; and when it was all heaped on the platform, it took up half the space of a sidewalk of a city block. A dozen servants stood by to see the railroad porters put it all in the royal vans that had been sent to fetch it.

WATCHING THE TIDE COME IN AT ATLANTIC CITY.

LIKE unto the Dead Cities of Holland, can there be decayed watering-places? Comes there that ebb-tide of fashion which, after a time receding, leaves a resort once thronged, high, dry, stranded, and deserted? The discovery of the sea-side by the meanest gentleman in Europe—for the Prince Regent created Brighton—may be put down as one of the few creditable things George IV. ever did. It took France years before she fully appreciated what were the advantages of a sea-coast and salt-water bathing as health restoratives. Exigencies of climate made us, long before the Revolution, seek the coast-line so as to breathe a purer, fresher air. More than a century ago Long Branch attracted the Philadelphian, and that was when Philadelphia was the great city of the country. We are too young yet to have any of our sea-side resorts taking on signs of decadence. Some of them may change in character, but that is all. It is the question of transportation which settles the important question as to whether any sea-side resort shall be sought by the million or not. No year passes that railroad companies do not make the coast-line their objective point; and by their enterprise people with little means can take their health-giving buffets with the breakers.

Atlantic City was at one time exclusively Philadelphian—its sea-side suburb, so to speak; that is, until the Central Railroad of New Jersey opened the way to the New-Yorker. That low sandy spit of Absecom Island on which Atlantic City stands permits no breeze to blow which does not sweep across it. The growth of Atlantic City has been marvellous. It has broken away from its Philadelphian tutelage; this, as an advantage, is, however, somewhat questionable. Past is that primitive time when the railroad car, as if it were an omnibus, conveyed passengers to the hotel door. Now the sea-side resort has all the busy appearances of a well-thronged city.

Its beach is Atlantic City's natural feature, and there is not one other in the country that has the same width, smoothness, and compactness. A beach is something beyond the powers of engineering construction. Nature, though she storms and raves at times (for in and around Barnegat heavy blows are common), seems to treat this fine beach with some consideration, and so for many years the contour of it has remained unchanged.

To see a tide come in is to spend many an hour. Tides have special physiognomies beyond scientific considerations. And so Mr. Snyder makes a group of three, who see the ocean on his return, when he would wrestle for supremacy with the land. Far off are two figures on horseback, who canter along on the smooth sea-bed. The piers are thronged. The breeze flutters the women's, the children's dresses. The artist has sketched a pretty girl, an elegant invalid, and a prosaic man, and that creates the exact contrasts. The pretty young person—is she the sister of the invalid? Is there expectancy on the part of the young lady?

Who might it be who comes? In the humor she is in he would scarce be welcome did he arrive dusty and warm from the cars. Demure as she seems, she would have him burst in with the tide, the wind swelling the canvas of his yacht; and there—just there on the horizon—that white gleam of sail makes her heart beat. The pug-dog in the invalid's lap gives but one snappy bark, and there is only one more *illusion perdue.*

NEW BUILDINGS IN BROOKLYN.

THE NEW ARMORY FOR THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT.

REGIMENTAL armories are everywhere popular in Brooklyn, and although to the benighted outsider the city would seem to be already pretty well supplied with these interesting edifices, here come forward the gallant Thirteenth and Twenty-third regiments with two new rival buildings, which, however the question of superiority as between themselves may finally be decided, are certain to eclipse everything else of the kind now existing in that aspiring city.

The new armory to be constructed for the Thirteenth Regiment, which is the mother of all the present military organizations of Brooklyn, will cover an entire block on Sumner Avenue, between Putnam and Jefferson avenues, and will cost about $500,000. The architect, R. L. Daus, designs it to recall the manner of the thirteenth century in feudal France; but the severe character of that era will in the present example be relieved by many light and ornamental details. From Sumner Avenue it will extend east for 480 feet, 190 of which will be covered by the administration building, while the remainder will be occupied by the main drill hall. The main entrance, on Sumner Avenue, built of huge granite blocks, will be covered by an arch of 28 feet span, which will be flanked by two large defensible towers 28 feet in diameter and height. One of these round towers is crowned with an observatory, while the other has coupled to it and corbelling out of it a graceful turret 28 feet higher, to serve as an outlook. Between the towers and above the entrance, at the height of the second story, will be a terrace 16 feet wide and 45 feet long, guarded by a rampart wall, where a handful of soldiers could make the entrance impregnable. Eight smaller towers will defend the exposed angles of the administration building and drill halls. The smaller side entrances, situated on each side of the centre of the main drill hall, will also be fortified. Most of the material round the entrances, such as the arch itself, the balconies, the richly carved coat of arms, the central cornice, are of red granite, while the rest of the building will be of brick and terra-cotta.

On entering the main hall, which is 40 feet wide and 86 feet long, containing a splendid staircase, the visitor faces two large corridors leading into the drill hall. The large company drill-room, 54 by 115 feet, and covered with a vaulted roof of fire-proof tiles and skylighted, is in the centre of the building, and can be used either as an independent room, or run into one immense memorial hall with the surrounding halls and corridors. From each corridor access can be had to several large company rooms, reception-rooms, and other offices. Rooms for the officers and other officials are with the gymnasium on the second story. The third story contains a large mess hall, kitchen, etc.; and in the basement there is a rifle range 100 yards long, with the latest appliances for expelling smoke, which was planned by Mr. Daus himself, after suggestions made by Captain French, Inspector of Rifle Practice. But, without doubt, the most striking feature of this splendidly equipped building, which, of course, contains many more noteworthy features than those mentioned, will be the main drill hall, 300 by 200 feet, covered with arched iron trusses of 200 feet span, and having on three sides wide galleries, the whole to be lighted by a lofty and capacious skylight in the centre of its arched roof. This great hall, which embodies the latest improvements of modern engineering science, is unequalled in size by any of the modern armories, except that of the New York Seventh Regiment.

THE NEW ARMORY FOR THE TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

THE new home of the Twenty-third Regiment, of Brooklyn, is to be built on the block bounded by Atlantic and Bedford avenues and Pacific Street, with its main front on Bedford Avenue, running diagonally from Pacific Street to Atlantic Avenue for 200 feet, with a clear inside width of 200 feet. The frontages on Pacific Street and Atlantic Avenue will be over 500 and 400 feet respectively. From the rear of the building a space 200 by 300 feet in extent will be reserved for the main drill hall—exactly the dimensions of the Thirteenth Regiment drill hall—while the front portion of the lot on Bedford Avenue will be assigned to the administrative portion of the building. The materials of construction are rough cut red or brown freestone laid in ashlar courses, with the upper portions of pressed brick, with terra-cotta trimmings.

The main entrance, on Bedford Avenue, will be through a heavy ornamental stone archway, on the key-stone of which will be sculptured the regimental coat of arms and motto. This entrance, which will be 35 feet wide, will be closed by a heavy steel portcullis, worked by hydraulic pressure. On each side of the arch rise two circular towers, 70 feet high and 19 feet in diameter, surmounted by parapet walls and barbettes. They will be four stories high, and contain officers' quarters and other offices. On the second story the officers' quarters will open on to a rampart walk over the archway, which will connect the two towers. The lower rooms will be lighted by large plate-glass windows, and the upper ones by port-holes, with which both towers will be pierced on both sides.

But the most imposing feature of the building will be the main tower, which will rise, at the corner of Pacific Street and Bedford Avenue, to a height of 136 feet, surmounted by a fac-simile smaller turret, on which the flag-staff will stand. The tower will be crowned by a corbelled cornice, with ornamental niches in the shape of a Roman cross.

The administrative building will be very handsome, for it is to be provided with large double and triple mullioned plate-glass windows, the quoins, lintels, and sills being of terra-cotta and cut stone. The outer walls of the main drill hall will be of the same material as the front building, and will be heavily buttressed. The roof will be of slate, and will be supported by arched steel trusses, light being supplied through an immense skylight, 85 feet above the floor. The Atlantic Avenue entrance will be similar to that on the Bedford Avenue side, and will also be closed by a heavy steel portcullis. The outer walls of the entire building will be of such thickness as to render the building practically a fortress, like the similar massive and picturesque structure of the Thirteenth Regiment.

Passing through the main entrance, the first portion of the interior seen is a long corridor, 40 feet wide, running clear back to the drill hall. Opening on this corridor will be the armorer's and quartermaster's offices and ten company rooms, with private rooms for the officers. To the right of the main entrance will rise a grand staircase leading to the top floor, while on the administrative floor will be a corridor, 40 feet wide, running to the rampart walk on the Bedford Avenue front. Arranged about the corridors and in the towers will be a host of offices; and around the main drill hall there will be a wide gallery for spectators, reached from the floor by four spiral staircases. The building will be amply supplied with kitchens, bath-rooms, library, and gymnasium, and the whole paraphernalia of an extensively equipped military establishment, formed on the most modern scientific principles; and in the cellar, under the main drill hall, there will be a rifle range 100 yards long, with smoke-expelling machinery.

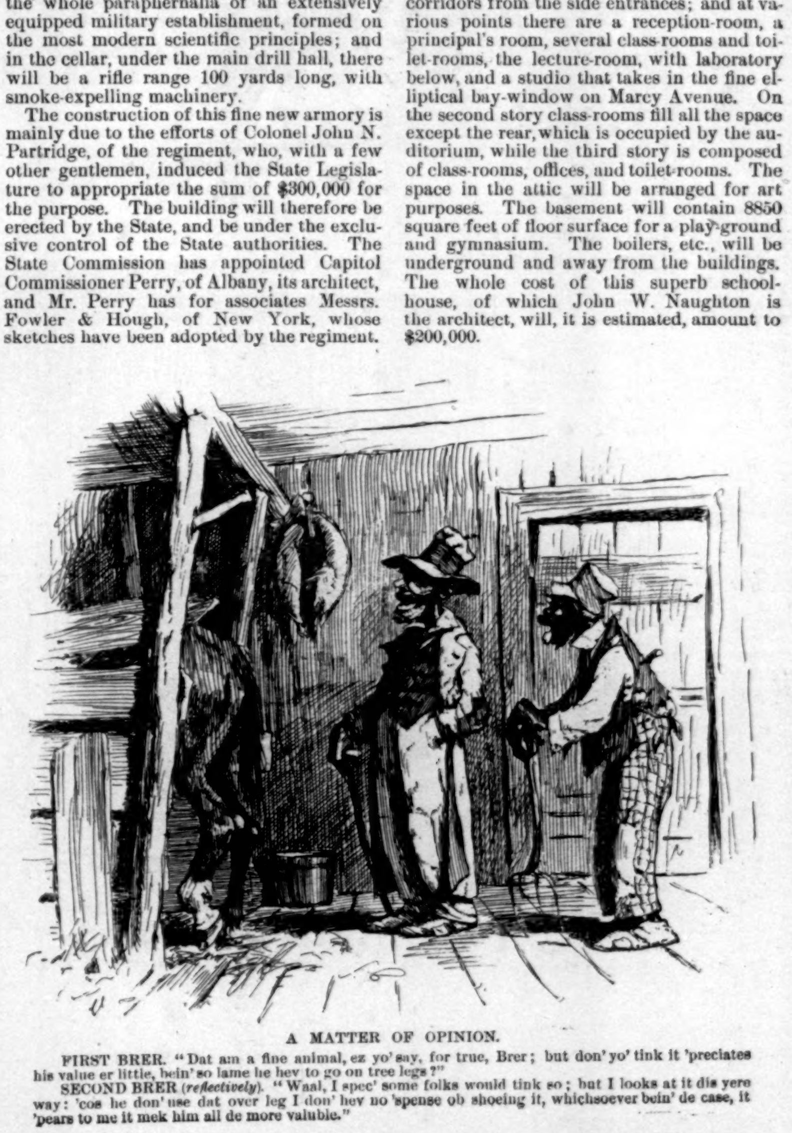
The construction of this fine new armory is mainly due to the efforts of Colonel John N. Partridge, of the regiment, who, with a few other gentlemen, induced the State Legislature to appropriate the sum of $300,000 for the purpose. The building will therefore be erected by the State, and be under the exclusive control of the State authorities. The State Commission has appointed Capitol Commissioner Perry, of Albany, its architect, and Mr. Perry has for associates Messrs. Fowler & Hough, of New York, whose sketches have been adopted by the regiment. It is expected that the new armory will be completed by next summer.

THE NEW HIGH-SCHOOL.

THE new building for the Boys' Department of the Central High-School of Brooklyn will be one of the finest and costliest school-houses in the country. It will be built on a plot of ground measuring 200 feet on Marcy Avenue, with a depth of 175 feet, which was recently bought by the school board for $53,000. The edifice will occupy the centre of this plot, having a frontage of 138 feet on Marcy Avenue, and a depth of 152 feet. It is, moreover, somewhat irregularly shaped, the T, which it best resembles, having a foot that forms an expansion of the building in the rear 96 feet wide. The style will be the Romanesque; and the most striking features of the magnificent façade on Marcy Avenue are the two towers that rise at each end of it. At one corner there will be a campanile 18¼ feet square and 152 feet high, which will contain the main entrance to the building, carried through a wide stone archway. Above the two large windows immediately over the arch the tower soars clear and naked for 70 feet, except for the turreted corners that take off the sharpness of the angles. This clear brick-work is set with loop-holed windows to a height representing seven stories, and above this long reach comes the pleasing open arcade, supporting an entablature with a highly ornamental frieze. The round tower on the Putnam Avenue corner will be 104 feet high, and on each of its three main stories the mullioned windows will completely surround the tower.

Half-way between the two towers there will be a splendid specimen of what architects call a pavilion, which projects a few feet and extends up to a broad gable, the striking feature in this instance being that the quadrupled mullioned windows on each floor above the first—which is a wide elliptical bay-window—are all included under one broad stone-trimmed arch that extends up to the attic. Above this great arch the gable front is filled in with terra-cotta or tile work. The round tower will fit closely into a second pavilion, to which will be attached a handsome little turret and balcony, over which will float the school flag. The material used in the whole structure is chiefly brick above the basement, which will be built of rock-faced Lake Superior stone; the trimmings will be of stone and some panelled terra-cotta work.

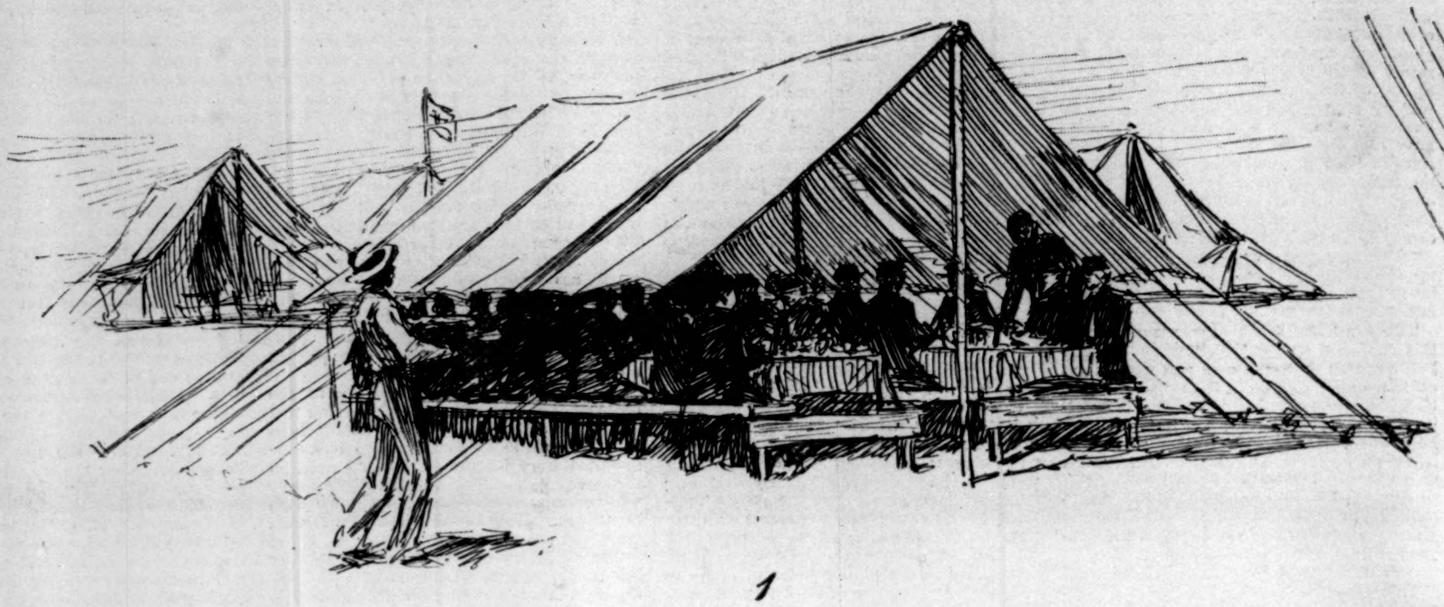
There will be twenty class-rooms distributed about the three floors, an auditorium that will seat about 1000 boys, a lecture-room, a large library, etc., and accommodations for about 800 pupils. On the first floor there is a wide corridor running through the building, and finally turning through an archway into the square tower or chief entrance. The main corridor is also met by narrower corridors from the side entrances; and at various points there are a reception-room, a principal's room, several class-rooms and toilet-rooms, the lecture-room, with laboratory below, and a studio that takes in the fine elliptical bay-window on Marcy Avenue. On the second story class-rooms fill all the space except the rear, which is occupied by the auditorium, while the third story is composed of class-rooms, offices, and toilet-rooms. The space in the attic will be arranged for art purposes. The basement will contain 8850 square feet of floor surface for a play-ground and gymnasium. The boilers, etc., will be underground and away from the buildings. The whole cost of this superb school-house, of which John W. Naughton is the architect, will, it is estimated, amount to $200,000.

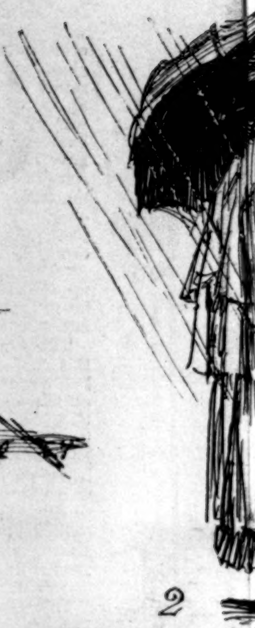


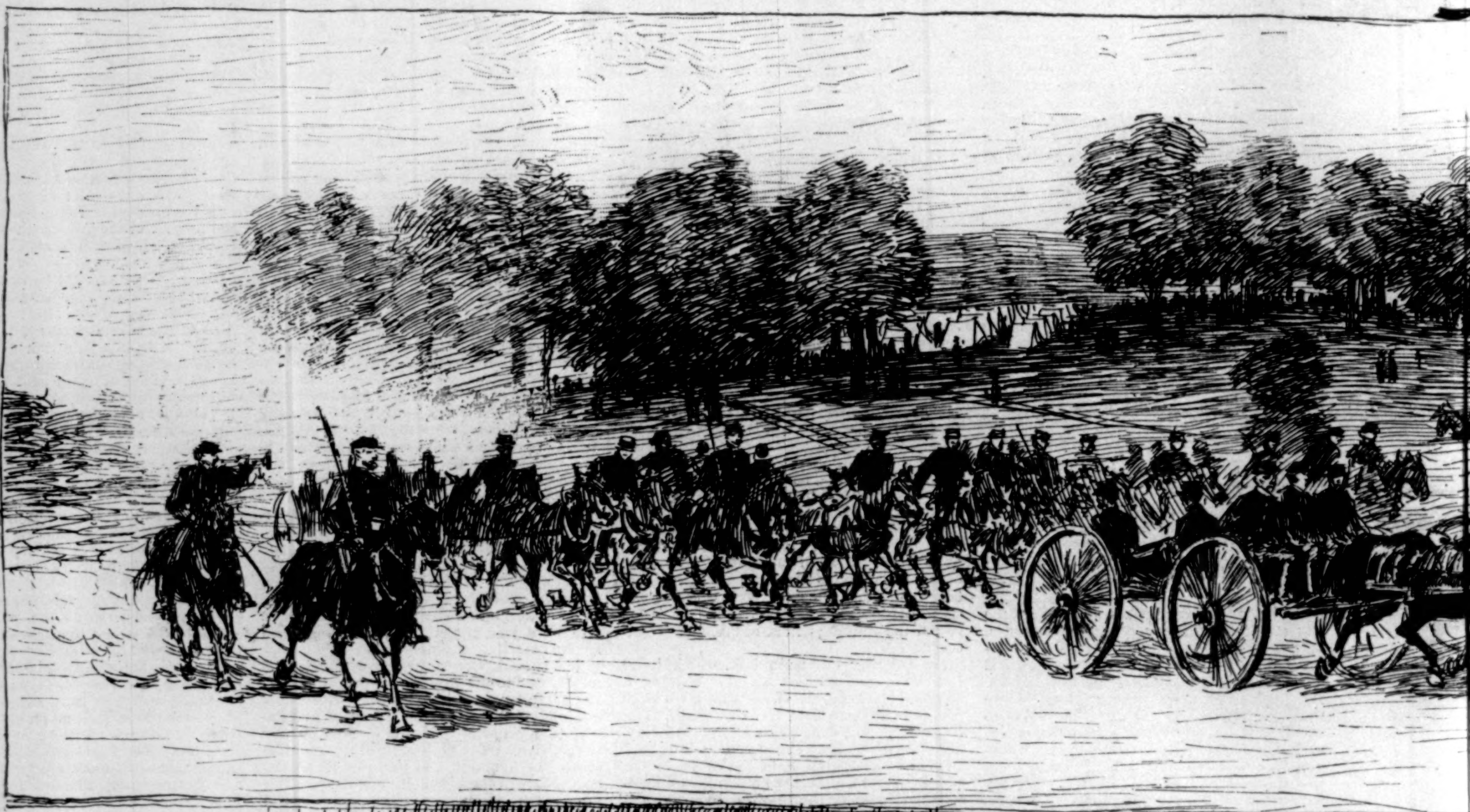
A MATTER OF OPINION.

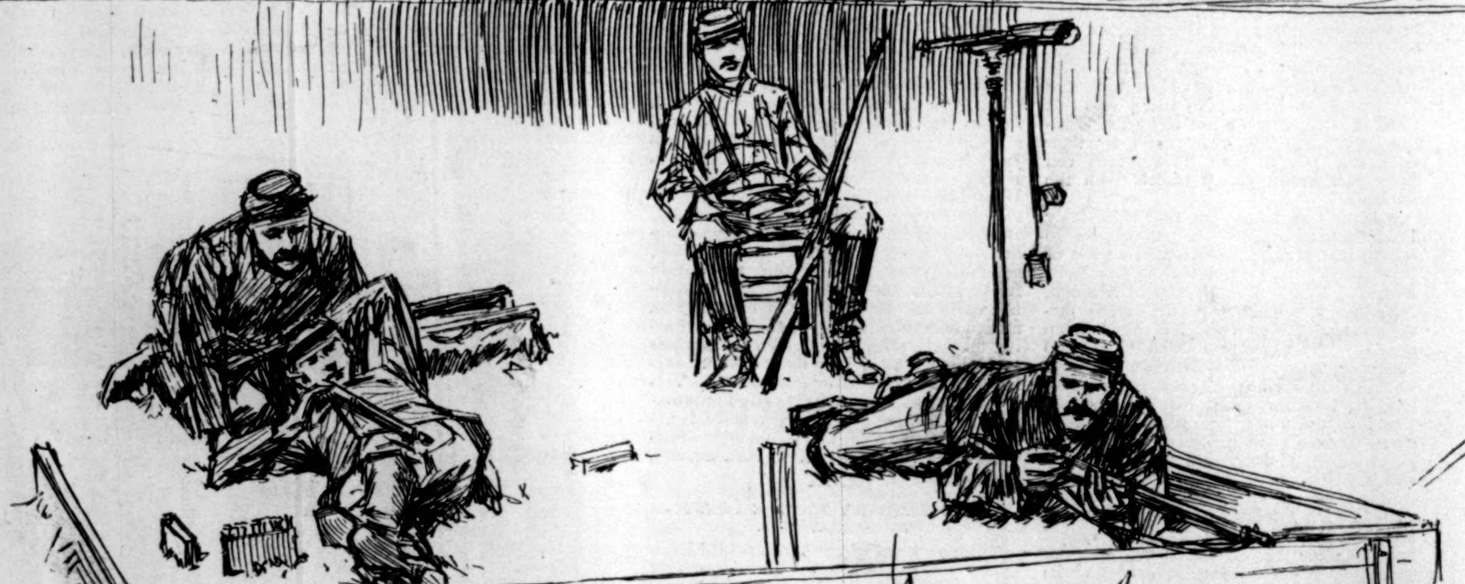
FIRST BRER. "Dat am a fine animal, ez yo' say, for true, Brer; but don' yo' tink it 'preciates his value er little, bein' so lame he hev to go on tree legs?"

SECOND BRER (*reflectively*). "Waal, I spec' some folks would tink so; but I looks at it dis yere way: 'cos he don' use dat over leg I don' hev no 'spense ob shoeing it, whichsoever bein' de case, it 'pears to me it mek him all de more valuble."









IN CAMP AT MOUNT GRETNA, PENNSYL

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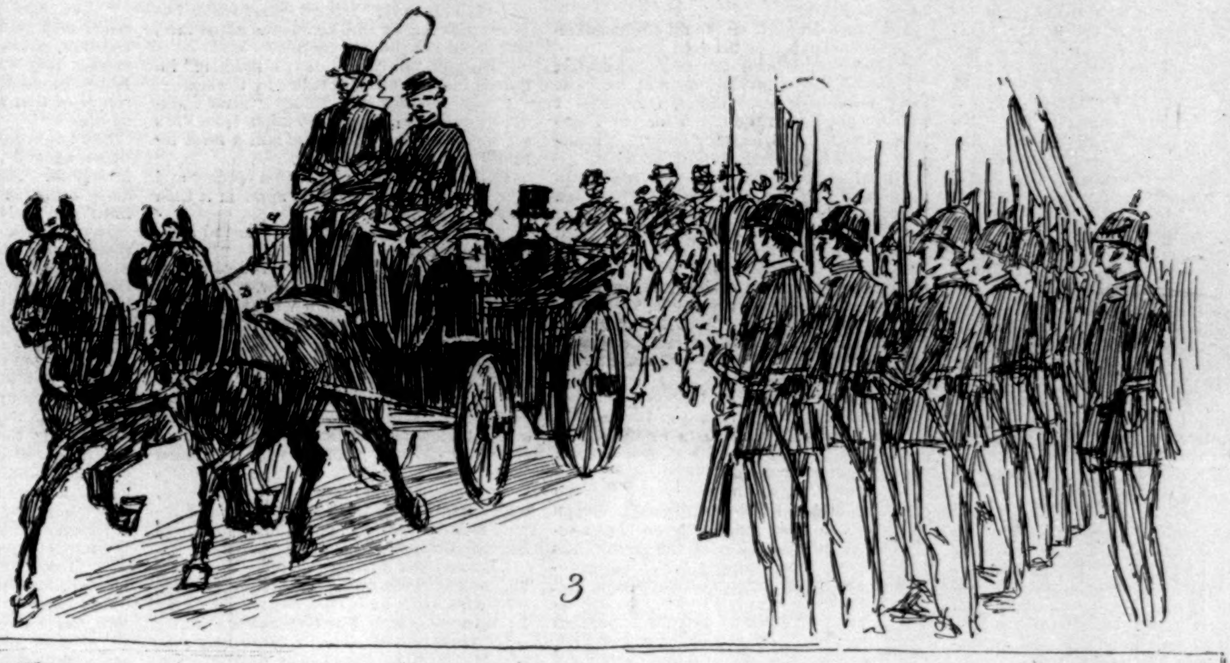
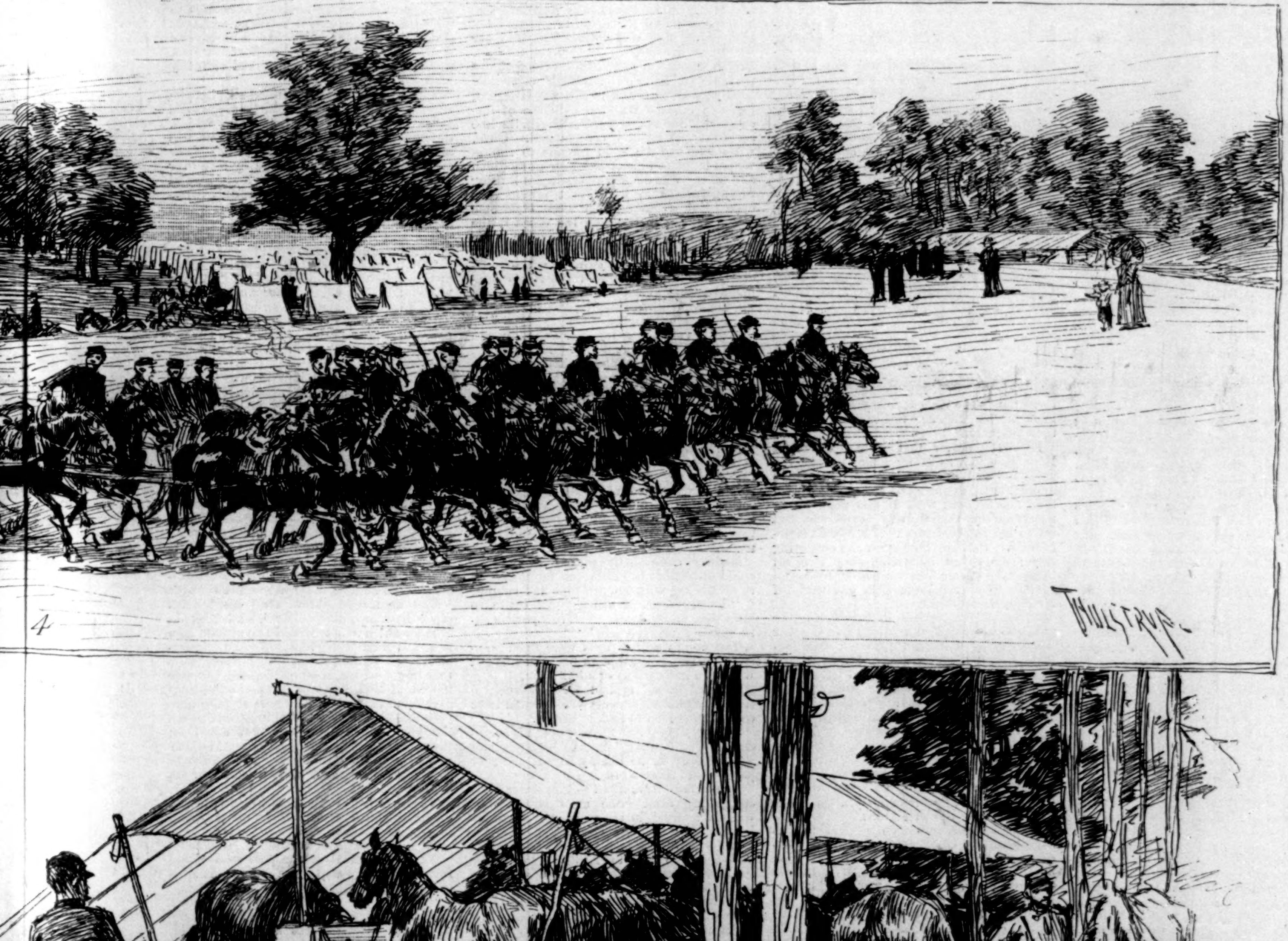
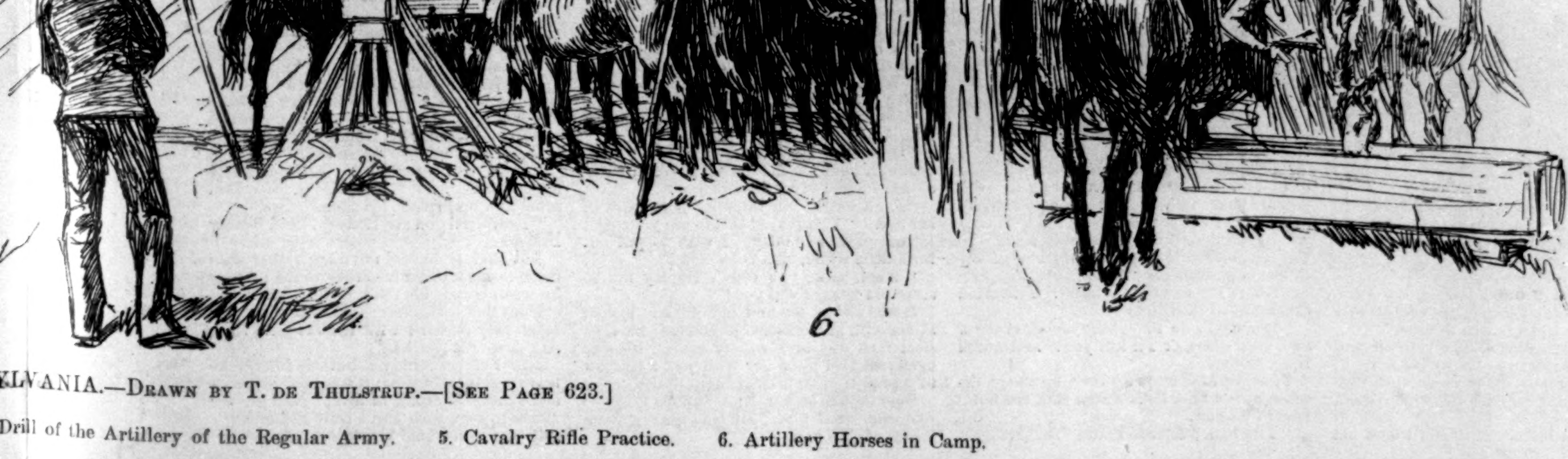






LVANIA.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 623.]

Drill of the Artillery of the Regular Army. 5. Cavalry Rifle Practice. 6. Artillery Horses in Camp.

"BEAUTY" FALKNER.

BY S. R. McLEAN GREENE.

THE aspiring young men of her acquaintance had a bitter habit of calling her "Lollipop" among themselves in intensest sarcasm. Because she was tall, above the average height of woman, with hair and brows straight and black as an Indian's, and a haughty, fine, cruelly clear-cut face; because she bore herself with the complete nonchalance of a woman of the world, though she was only nineteen; and, lastly, because her father was the possessor of a cool million at least, and she had all and severally refused these her admirers.

The statuesque austerity of Miss Falkner's beauty was relieved somewhat by a constant languid flush in her cheeks, as though she suffered eternal boredom from the attentions of those about her, and a voice of the sweetest tones also adapting itself to this same privilege of infinite leisure, and frequently pausing before the completion of a sentence, thus intimating that the easy abstraction of her own thoughts held more charms for her than the countenance of the most animated listener. Her eyes were expressive, and, in fact, were not infrequently used by her to save the necessity of other speech.

The father Falkner, as a widower, had suffered considerably in the training of his only child. If anything in the course of that perturbed history could have conquered his aversion to marrying again, it would have been the hope of sharing mutually with some intelligent human being in the responsibility of Miss Falkner's safe and accomplished launching into womanhood.

He loved her with a fatherly intensity, and he had employed nurses, companions, and governesses not a few. Miss Falkner was now supposed to be profoundly educated, and she was launched on the selectest wave of social eminence; nevertheless, the syntax and orthography she had employed in the occasional letters she had written her father in his absences had filled him with dismay, and he still tremblingly doubted whether, if his proud offspring should once decide to take the bit in her teeth, all the combined forces he could bring to bear on the question could prevent disaster and a runaway.

But there was one person in whom he had absolute confidence—Hiram W. Spaulding, Jun., founder of the Spaulding Steel and Iron Works, Spauldingville. Richer men than he had proposed for "Beauty" Falkner's hand, but the father had detected in Hiram qualities of mental acuteness, stability, and promising financial growth far outweighing, to his mind, the possession of thousands more in the hands of ordinary individuals or pampered spendthrifts. And Hiram was not only keen and money-wise, he was generous in the right place and profoundly honorable. Mr. Falkner loved him, confided in him as companionably as though he had been twenty years nearer his own age, and, above all, implicitly relied upon him to marry Kate, his daughter—"Beauty" Falkner, revengefully called "Lollipop."

How he could consistently reconcile his love for Hiram with this earnest conviction that he must and should marry Kate may not at first appear; but he knew that Hiram was deeply in love with her, and that there were as good iron and steel in the young man's nature as any in Spauldingville. He had an instinct as grave as a woman's that it would be a happy match, and that it should soon be brought about. The only obstacle in the way was Beauty's own determination, which, though not so reliable always as the Spauldingville iron, had the more immediately disastrous and inflammable qualities of gunpowder. And it must be confessed that, from an ideal and artistic point of view, Hiram was not at all a worthy *parti*. He had been the most muscular man in his class, but his height was only slightly above Kate's own. He was usually several seasons behind in the style of his coats and trousers, which then appeared striking only by their moderation. He had a rugged face, devoid in every feature of fine chiselling, and he had a stout caprice for trimming his own mustache. Kate naturally shuddered at the thought of any approach to that bristling member. Though college bred, he was not nearly so gifted in the art of conversation as he was in standing awkwardly silent, with his hands in his pockets. He was not in the least interesting.

"Have you ever really proposed to her, Hiram?" said Mr. Falkner, eagerly.

"Yes," said Hiram to Beauty's father, between his strong white teeth, without other embarrassment than a manly blush.

"What did she say? Or—a—rather, how did she act—behave, Hiram?"

"She was seated near the window. She continued gazing out."

"Did you repeat the question?"

"I did, sir. She laughed a little and looked at me—she has handsome eyes, by Jove! —and then she said, in that slow, exasperating way of hers, 'Imagine me marrying a man named Hi—Hi—Hiram Spaul—' There she paused, and became lost in the view. 'Spaul' simply, and gazed out of the window as though I had ceased to exist."

"Well! well! Why didn't you up and say, 'You *shall* marry a man by the name of Spaul, egad! or any other name that happens to be mine?' That's the way, Hiram. I know—I know."

Hiram shook his head. "She would not have heard. She is even more accomplished in gazing indifferently out of the window when occasion requires than she is in the art of penmanship."

Both men laughed sadly and appreciatively at this solemn joke between them.

"Lord!" exclaimed the elder, presently; "I don't know what she's been up to. She can't write—or read either, for aught I know. She's been too much for 'em, I suspect, Hiram," said he, very sadly. "I suspect Kate's been pretty full of the devil."

Hiram smiled. "Oh, she can read ordinarily well," he replied; but added, "She can ride better."

"You shall marry her, and make a good woman of her, Hiram. You shall marry her, or *no man;* that's decided. We'll have no foreign nobleman, or native *roué*, or fancy pauper business, mark my words."

"Yes, I'll marry her," said Hiram, reflectively, stroking his thorny mustache with a supple thumb and finger. "Meantime let her enjoy the landscape."

The landscape about Port Holway was certainly worthy of close regard at this season. Mr. Falkner had come here to his newly erected cottage, bringing horses and servants enough for Miss Kate's domineering pleasure. Her chief victim was Mrs. Hills, the worthy individual who was expected always to account for her punctually on papa's return from the city. James, the groom, was never to fail to accompany her in her expeditions about the country on horseback, and Mrs. Hills was not to fail to keep an eye on her in her walks and swimming excursions along the beach, for the country was wild, and Kate was both beautiful and daring.

James always saddled for himself the better horse, and had no difficulty in keeping up. Mrs. Hills was not so fortunately situated, and her daily food was mixed with many a pang of uneasiness and terror. She considered Kate Falkner, and with reason, the most cruel and impish girl she had ever known. It had been Kate's pastime from infancy to elude the vigilance of those who only wished to take care of her, and she treated all dependents alike cavalierly.

"I'm going out for a sail. Hills, I'm going fishing," she called back against the wild breeze blowing, to the panting and struggling Mrs. Hills.

"Blue-fishing, marm?" said one of the group of elderly seamen who were preparing their boat.

"Oh yes, blue-fishing. Take me at once. I'll pay you. Blue-fish! At once!" she called back to the agonized Mrs. Hills.

"Well, no, marm, *we* ain't. We ain't a-goin' blue-fishin' this mornin', marm; we'd got other business. But Rodney, 'way beyond there—see!—he's a-goin' blue-fishin', marm; yes, marm. Rod-ney! Rod-ney! He'll wait; don't you hurry. You'll git there now some time before that elderly female, marm. She acts rather blowed, to tell the truth, marm."

Now the nearer that Kate approached Rodney, who was going a-blue-fishing, the more tall and graceful and comely did he appear, until, as she stood face to face with him, she realized that in this poor young fisherman on the Holway sands she had found her resolved ideal. The brown stately throat; the deep blue eyes; the clustering curls; the silken mustache—they were all there. And Kate had learned to read well enough to absorb more than one work of imaginative literature.

She saw, as in a flash, Rodney saving her in a wreck—perhaps the wreck would occur that very day; it should if she could do anything toward helping it—her father embracing him with gratitude, his self-abasement before accepting such rank and beauty, her own queenly lifting of him from the earth, Mrs. Hills buried, society outraged, a trousseau, bells, flowers, and leading her humble adorer the very dance forever afterward.

Meantime the tones that came through Rodney's purely Grecian nose were unmistakably those of the natives along-shore. "Is that elderly woman a-tryin' to ketch up? Does she wanter go too?"

Kate thought how soon a love such as should inspire Rodney for her would conquer any defects in his pronunciation, and at the same time another and a livelier thought occurred to her. "Oh no," she answered; "she wouldn't go for the world. The doctors have ordered her to take very violent exercise in the morning. That's all. Push off at once."

Rodney put his hand to the boat, and then hesitated. "She's a-callin' somethin', and wavin' her hands. Guess we'd better wait. Guess I'll wait," said Rodney, holding the boat with no evident flaw in this determination.

"Oh dear, then," said Miss Falkner, "I'll run back and see."

"Kate—love—child, you're not going out in that shaky little sail-boat, surely? What would your father say? It's positively against his instructions."

"Instructions! Oh, bosh!" said Kate, who had certainly never regarded them as of any deeper significance. "Come along!"

"But I forbid you! I insist! I'll forbid that man! I'll tell him—"

"Don't you do it. Come along, at once, and keep quiet, or I'll kill you!" murmured Kate, softly.

Thus threatened with her untimely decease, at last Mrs. Hills wilted with the faintness of despair.

"You look flustered, marm," said Rodney, assisting her into the boat, and regarding her with far more attention than he had bestowed on the younger woman.

"Well I may," replied Mrs. Hills, but glanced at Kate's smiling, unconscious face, and dared not proceed further.

"Be you this young lady's mother?" inquired the inquisitive dweller by the sea.

"No," replied Mrs. Hills. "Miss Falkner's mother was mercifully taken from life's sorrows while her child was still a mere infant."

The young man received this piously and simply. Kate heard much more in it than he did. She laughed.

"We are going over to Cone Island blue-fishing, dear Mrs. Hills," she said. "The effort would be more fatiguing for you than my father could possibly allow. Will you remain in the boat, which will probably be safe unless a gale should come up, or select a place of shelter on the island, being careful to get out of the reach of high tide, however?"

Mrs. Hills shivered.

"Why, sho!" said Rodney, "I'll see that Mrs. Hills is safe and comfortable—safe and comfortable too—why, sho!"

Mrs. Hills was inspired with a sudden grateful confidence in Rodney. She was not ill pleased to seat herself in a quiet nook, under his direction, with her book, and depute to him for a few hours the espionage of her delightful charge.

"I guess you'll enjoy this more than trolling for 'em in the boat," said Rodney. "Besides Mrs. Hills there, she was nervous after I put the sails up. She feels easier ashore."

He complacently filled a large clay pipe and lit it. As he baited Miss Falkner's line and threw it out for her, the smoke from that rustic pipe was wafted full into her beauteous, her haughty, her worshipful face. She to whom the least breath of the choice perfume of Hiram Spaulding's cigar had been obnoxious, drank in this stiff breeze of plebeian tobacco with no evidence of discomfort. She ran or stood still with the line according as Rodney commanded. Once, when she had the good fortune to run in with a large fish, his orders were unmodified and terse. She obeyed implicitly, a lurking revengefulness in her bright mischievous eyes. But if Rodney had been handsome while waiting listlessly on the beach in the morning, he appeared now a very god of the seas, throwing the line out with his swift powerful arm, his eyes glowing with the excitement of the sport and the sharp commands issued to his savagely delighted pupil, the wind in his cheeks, and the salt air in his thick wet curls.

So the two fished together as wildly and eagerly as savage children. Kate herself had been too pleased and excited to note until now, as she was growing a trifle wearied, that it was the sport alone Rodney was absorbed in, and not in any sense the rare, the singular, the unparalleled privilege of Beauty Falkner's society.

She thought to remedy this unprecedented fact in her experience by an appeal to Rodney with her dark thrilling eyes. "I'm tired," she drawled, suddenly relegating to the dim past all interest in the fishing question. "Take me home, at once"—she returned to him the gaze languidly diverted toward the sea—"at once; do you hear?"

Rodney composedly puffed a vigorous cloud of tobacco in her face as he proceeded to fill his bag with the fish they had caught.

"Twenty-four! I swan, you'd ought to been born along-shore. You're a perfect little shark at 'em, you are!"

The young sailor's eyes were fixed shiningly on his spoils, though his tone was not without a certain sort of admiration.

"Thank you," replied Miss Falkner, in those fine chilling accents which would have caused most men to look at her.

Rodney only threw the bag over his shoulder. "Come along," he said, as gayly and peremptorily as the Beauty herself had ever pronounced those words.

At the boat Kate lifted to him again those enthralling orbs. She even laid on his wretched tarpaulin sleeve a hand as really lovely as was any ever chronicled in fiction. "We will run the boat out a little way and hide under the island somewhere, just to see what Mrs. Hills will do when she discovers we are gone. Come, I wish to go at once."

Rodney saluted her with another burly waft from his pipe. As he meditated, a slow illumination dawned on his features. He removed his pipe for a moment, and allowed that ingenuous smile to lurk about his mouth under his knightly mustache. "That 'ud be quite a joke for you and me, wouldn't it?"

"Well, I wish to go, that's all; so please push your boat out at once."

"Guess not. Guess it 'ud be too hard on Mrs. Hills."

The stupid, innocent youth stood still, smilingly chewing that far-off flavor of wickedness suggested by Miss Falkner.

She glanced at him impatiently, a spark in her eye. "I employed you to use your boat for my pleasure to-day. I wish to put out for a little while; that is enough."

"Waal, now, you didn't employ me to scare old women, did you?"

It was almost the first time he had looked at her with any personal directness; his classical face was also wholly genial; his fine eyes twinkled upon her with just a shadow of reproach in their clear blue depths.

Boor though he was, Kate Falkner believed that she loved him. He was quite unconscious of that fact.

"You set down in the boat," said he, patronizingly, "and I'll go and get Mrs. Hills."

Kate sat down and strangely meditated.

"You look tired, love," said Mrs. Hills, when they were securely seated in the boat together, pillowing Kate's head on her kind bosom: that was one of her duties as well. Kate did not hesitate to make a reposeful refuge of that maligned and cruelly entreated breast.

She fell sound asleep. At the landing she woke up and moved off a little way with Mrs. Hills. Then, as if the thought had suddenly occurred to her, "Oh, I forgot to pay him!" she exclaimed, and ran back.

Rodney was fastening his boat; she put some money in his hand. Her brilliant eyes were large and liquid from their late repose; there was a vivid rose-color where her cheek had pressed against Mrs. Hills's dress.

"I was very naughty," she said. "I'm sorry, indeed. Will you let me go again?"

Rodney gave her a good-night waft from his now relighted pipe. "Why, sho! yes," he replied, simply; "in course you may."

Mrs. Hills enjoyed so much the assistance given her by the serious and able-bodied Rodney in chaperoning her difficult charge she did not mention to Mr. Falkner the various fishing excursions which went on under her personal knowledge and permission.

Hiram Spaulding came down at the host's invitation to spend the Sabbath. He observed that Miss Falkner was particularly light-hearted, mischievous, and insolent, but he did not appear to suffer in the least from her lightness. He talked on the grave subjects of business and politics with Mr. Falkner, and appeared to enjoy strolling by himself to the beach, his prudent money-making hands thrust in the pockets of his medium-style trousers. He did not follow Kate nor seek conversation with her, as he had formerly been wont to do.

Kate would not admit it to herself, but she was piqued. She even fancied he might have fallen in love with somebody else, which, though she had no use for his affections, was an outrage and entirely inadmissible. They happened to be standing side by side over some sea *curios* in her father's study, and she said, *sotto voce*, "If you were only several inches taller, you would be such a nice height for me, Mr. Spaul."

She was thinking blissfully of her blue-eyed Adonis of the seas.

"Oh, thank you," said Mr. Spaulding, in his mellow voice, quite indifferently. "A man who could throw every other man in his class doesn't care for a matter of an inch or two in height. And you—pardon me—from the point of view of beauty, I think you're rather too spun out, you know;" and he dawdled tranquilly away.

Miss Falkner's first impulse was to insist upon her father's calling Hiram Spaulding out. Then she remembered how close-locked were the affections and sympathies of the two, and that she could have no hope of revenge from that quarter. One thing was certain to her mind—Hiram had fallen in love elsewhere, and had become perfectly indifferent to her. She felt that she hated him. She would flirt with him after he was married—he might fall an easier victim then—and make his wife miserable; and perhaps he would feel a pang or two in seeing her united, after the shipwreck, to tall, beautiful Rodney.

Miss Falkner had taken complete possession of the humble fisherman in her thought —how he should throw away his boorish pipe! how magnificent he would look in broadcloth! how she would travel with him first, and teach him! how, when he once realized the immense, the unbelievable, bliss that might be his, it would become the sole motive of his life to worship and admire his divine benefactress! He was stolid, unimpressionable, she believed, simply because the thought of such an ecstatic fate could not pierce his humble imagination. And she was only waiting for the right moment to let the faintest dawn of hope glimmer on his slow mind.

They were out in the boat trolling for fish together, Mrs. Hills securely watching them from a comfortable seat on the beach.

"I have been insulted, Rodney," said Kate.

Ah! the victims of the past who would furiously have grasped the cudgels at such an intimation.

"Sho!" said Rodney, without further speech. But it was not Miss Falkner's imagination: his blue eyes were wistful, sad, to-day.

"And by a dear friend of my father, too. It was simply inhuman!"

"Waal, now, what did he say to you?"

"He said"—Miss Falkner lifted her magnetic eyes with a dark look which forbade any less serious interpretation of the crime —"he said—fancy it, from a *gentleman!*— he said that I was too '*spun out!*'"

"Waal, you would make rather a wafty figger-head," said Rodney. "You'd lean some to a nor'wester, I reckon."

"How droll you are, Rodney!" said Beauty Falkner.

But Rodney looked anything rather than merry. He labored faithfully at the line, for he was earning his daily bread; but it was evident that for some reason to-day it would be an easy matter for the tears to gush forth and down his cheeks.

Miss Falkner could put but one interpretation upon this softness: it was poor Rodney's artless way of being in love. And yet she meant to play with him a little before elevating him to the final pinnacle of bliss.

"'A wafty figure-head!'" She laughed melodiously. That term in itself was a compliment, being the highest work of art along-shore. "Then, don't you think in a northwester, as you say, I should need a very—a very strong arm to lean on, Rodney?"

There was no mistake about it now; the tears were standing out in the young man's wistful sea-blue eyes.

"Rodney, if you could have your choice amongst all the women you had ever seen, those you might love and those you dared not, you know—and yet for once suppose you might—suppose you *might*, Rodney—which would you choose?"

"Why, Annaluce, in course," said Rodney. "But I wa'n't thinkin' much about that. I was thinkin' about my little boy."

"Your little boy!" Kate's red lips parted breathlessly. Then the color left them as they compressed; her eyes grew very black and large.

Rodney did not see. He was hastily drawing his sleeve across his own eyes. "Yes, ma'am; he's very sick. Miss Phœbus she's in helpin' Annaluce, but he's been growin' weaker ever since Saturday."

"How many children have you, Rodney?" Kate's tones were as even and cool as though she was discussing the weather with a society acquaintance.

"Three. There's little Rod that's sick, and Annaluce, and the baby, Abe."

"And your wife is also—Annaluce—is she not?"

"Yes."

"Is she one of the natives along-shore, as you say?"

"No. I married her when we was up in Canada. She's some part Indian."

"Oh!" said Miss Falkner, tossing her proud head with charming laughter; "she's only one of those wives that you buy for twenty dollars, then, Rodney."

"I don't know 'bout them sort of wives," said Rodney; "but twenty thousand dollars, nor twenty thousand times that, couldn't buy Annaluce from me. We was married," said he, "jest the common way;" and repeated, in his abashed sing-song tones, "'for richer or poorer, for better or worse, till death do us part.'"

But there was a steadfastness as simple and profound as the depths under him looking out of his innocent blue eyes.

Miss Falkner had shot her last shaft, and it had returned to her powerless. Still she spoke coolly, almost insolently, if Rodney had been skilled to detect that fine quality in her tones.

"May I call and see your wife, Rodney, and your home?"

"It's only that little cottage 'way down there—the brown one; the smallest one. When do you want to come?"

"At once."

Rodney, with an answering heart, now pulled swiftly to the shore.

The cottage was very small, very brown. Annaluce was "just the common" looking sort of woman Kate Falkner thought. More than that, her face was disfigured with care and tears, her hands worn with labor, her poor old cotton frock "simply shocking."

The embarrassment which Annaluce would ordinarily have suffered under the visitation of so brilliant and wonderful a guest was entirely lost sight of in her humble distress over her sick child. She nodded to Kate, regarding her vaguely through her tear-stained eyes, and went up to Rodney.

"The doctor told you he'd come," said she, "but he hasn't. They always 'tend to the others first. They never hurry so about coming to the likes of us. And little Rod, he's worse; and he suffers so."

"Doesn't come! He *shall* come," said Kate. "He shall come to you at once. I know Dr. Giles. My name is Falkner."

With these magnificent words, uttered in a very sweet voice, she began to walk swiftly, then to run, toward her father's house on the bluffs.

In two moments after reaching it she was galloping down toward the Point, the startled James following at full speed.

The doctor came.

"I will pay you anything—anything to save this child, doctor," Kate said. She stood firmly and nervously tapping her boot with her riding-whip. "It must be done. Send for other physicians; give him attendance nights. You understand. I have set my heart on it. It must be done."

And from that hour everything that skill and care could do was done for little Rodney in that poor cottage by the sea. But they could not save him, and so at last he lay with his noble little face in passing peace, framed picturesquely, like his father's, in its rich light curls.

Kate had been constantly back and forth in attendance, eager, unwearied, humble, pleading even, in her efforts to help and save.

When they pointed her early one morning to the still little form covered on the bed, she turned, and a sob broke from her sharp and quick, as though some mortal pain had pierced her too.

She went over where the poor mother was kneeling. Annaluce looked up at her with that look of absolute assurance of undying love, which broods in the eyes of women over their lost children.

Kate knelt down. "Let me kiss him too," she said. "I have been so wicked, so heedless, but I will be a better woman—I will, indeed. Let me kiss him."

The woman motioned her calm hand in permission. As a sacrament that was to endure through all her life henceforth, Kate kissed the child's pure cold lips, and turned again and drew the mother to her heart. So broken was she with sobs, the pathetic endurance of the other yielded on her breast.

Kate held her. "You will have your little one again," said she who had been Kate Falkner, with light shining through her tearful eyes, and kissed her too. "Only let me be your friend. I have not made many friends, and so I think the more of it, you see. I will be true to you and yours. Do you think I could ever forget that little face? As long as I live, if you will let me, I will be a friend and protector to you and yours."

The woman looked up with a strange, curious bewilderment into Kate's shining face, and forever after trusted her.

Mrs. Hills drank in the wonder of these things afar off and dimly, as it were. Kate was not a girl to wear her heart upon her sleeve, and yet the actual change in her behavior was a fact which became impressed more and more upon Mrs. Hills's mind beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Mrs. Hills, though she had been subjected to other associations less genial, was of Methodist nurture and proclivities. She met Mr. Falkner joyfully on his return from New York, a strange excitement overcoming for once her natural timidity and deference.

"Dear Mr. Falkner, I have such good news for you," she whispered, almost breathlessly. "I think—I am sure—Kate has met with a change of heart."

"Good God, madam!" said Mr. Falkner, who, though he wished the furtherance of all good things, was eminently conservative. Nevertheless he attached importance enough to Mrs. Hills's startling disclosure to send immediately for Hiram Spaulding to come down and spend another Sabbath.

Hiram came, in a more modified suit of clothes than ever, the hair, which always grew thickest in a bunch over his left ear, looking sadly distraught; he had been making money hand over fist, and puzzling over a new and successful invention in the ironworks. He took a walk to the beach Sunday morning, and threw silver to the ragged fishers' children, and laughed and entertained himself with them, to their great emolument and delight.

Kate, riding past on her high-bred horse, saw him thus sitting in the sand, a bare-legged group around him hailing with shrill laughter the shining pieces of silver which appeared to spring miraculously here and there out of the sand. Hiram simply lifted his hat, blushed, and returned to his humble companionship.

"Tha's Mith Falkner," said one of his little friends, who was in a stage of temporary toothlessness.

"Yes, I know," said Hiram, the silver mint forgotten for a while, while he drew lines in the sand with his cane.

"She kwied at Wodney Lester's funeral, so she did. She came, and she kwied, and walked behind all the way, so she did."

"I guess not, my little man."

"Yes, she did!" retorted the small seaman, squaring for his word in spite of past benefits.

"Yes, she did; yes, she did!" said the chorus of high-pitched voices. "We knows her. Her father owns this nocean clear out to the point, so he does. And she kwied, and she kwied," they repeated, with morbid interest in the expression of Hiram's countenance at this announcement.

"U-m-m!" said Hiram, monotonously, reopening the mine.

At evening Hiram sat reflectively in the library window, and wondered if Miss Falkner would condescend to give him a few moments of her superior society. That young woman came in presently, and advanced toward him with queenly graciousness.

"Let me congratulate you, Mr. Spaul—ding," she said, sweetly completing the whole sentence.

"Why—why so?" said Hiram, rising in his awkward courteous way, and placing for her a chair.

"Because I had understood"—Kate hesitated, and blushed vividly, suddenly remembering from what mental consciousness alone that information had arisen—"that you are engaged."

"Why, no!" said Hiram. "I had not thought of such a thing. At least," he added (he feared nothing when once launched), "unless I can be engaged to the girl I want. You know very well who that girl is, Kate—Miss Falkner."

Hiram had said this before, and he repeated it rather sadly, without looking for a response; nevertheless there was a decided combination of the Spauldingville iron and steel in his unexpectant attitude.

Kate, looking at him, thought strangely it must be very sad to love any one so faithfully and long as Hiram had loved her without any recognition or return. "I don't see why any one should want such a girl as I am," she said. She completed this sentence too. She had returned to her old trick of gazing out of the window, but the bright glow on her face was pitiful rather than insolent; there had been a slight choking in her voice.

Hiram regarded her with amaze and a quick beating of the heart. He believed now she had been to the little boy's funeral, and that she had "cried." "You are good enough for me," he said, with the sudden speed and force of a well-turned locomotive.

Kate smiled. "It would—please papa, wouldn't it?" said she, hiding a certain gasping in her young voice under this cloak of filial regard.

"Enormously!" blurted out Hiram, turning this sudden curve with no slackening of the brakes.

"It is very kind of you," said Kate, intently absorbed with the landscape. Hiram trembled. Was she going to pause in the old insulting way? "Considering," she went on, a slight intimation of malice in her softened eyes, "that I am so much 'too much spun out.'"

Hiram laughed rapturously. "Why, darling," said he, "I wouldn't have one half-inch less of you for all—all the steel and iron in the universe!" Kate suffered a kiss from the bristling mustache with as little as possible visible exhibition of fortitude. "And, dearest," Hiram went on, in his quick mellow tones, "when will you consent to make your father happy? Say the old phrase, Kate; it's so familiar to you. Say it, just once more! Say it, Kate!"

"What phrase?" said Kate, marvelling.

"'At once.'"

"Indeed," replied Kate, very earnestly, "I won't say"—she darted a pathetic flash at him out of her wilful, softened eyes—"at once."

THE CAMP AT MOUNT GRETNA.

THROUGH the medium of "Camp Hartranft," Pennsylvania has successfully shown the way to the several States maintaining a National Guard establishment in the bringing together under canvas of a vast body of regularly organized and uniformed volunteer militia in conjunction with troops of the United States army representing the three arms of service, artillery, cavalry, and infantry.

In the conduct and training of her military force Pennsylvania is eminently a "practical" State. She aims to make of her volunteers "rough-and-ready" soldiers. The man who goes to camp in the Keystone State, whether he be a millionaire member of the "swell" City Troop, of Philadelphia, or a plebeian private in the Pittsburgh Rifles, carries on his back all the comforts which he may expect to enjoy. These are comprised in his tin cup and plate, his iron knife, fork, and spoon, the overcoat which is to shield him from the inclemency of the weather, and the blanket which is to interpose between his weary form and Mother Earth. Yet, whether the demands upon him comprehend the formal reception of the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, the sheltering of his Dulcinea from descending showers, participating in battery drill, engaging in target practice, or attending on "stable call," as indicated in the accompanying illustrations, he is always at hand and to be relied upon.

In the locale, dimensions, and availability of its chief camp-ground, Pennsylvania is peculiarly fortunate. Mount Gretna Park is situated on one of the highest mountains in eastern Pennsylvania. It is a magnificent piece of ground, the territory available to the operations of the troops covering between five thousand and six thousand acres—a diversified combination of hill, dale, woodland, plain, and rolling country. Mount Gretna lies within one hundred miles of Philadelphia; it is nine miles from Lebanon, thirty-three from Lancaster, thirty-six from Reading, and twenty-five from Harrisburg.

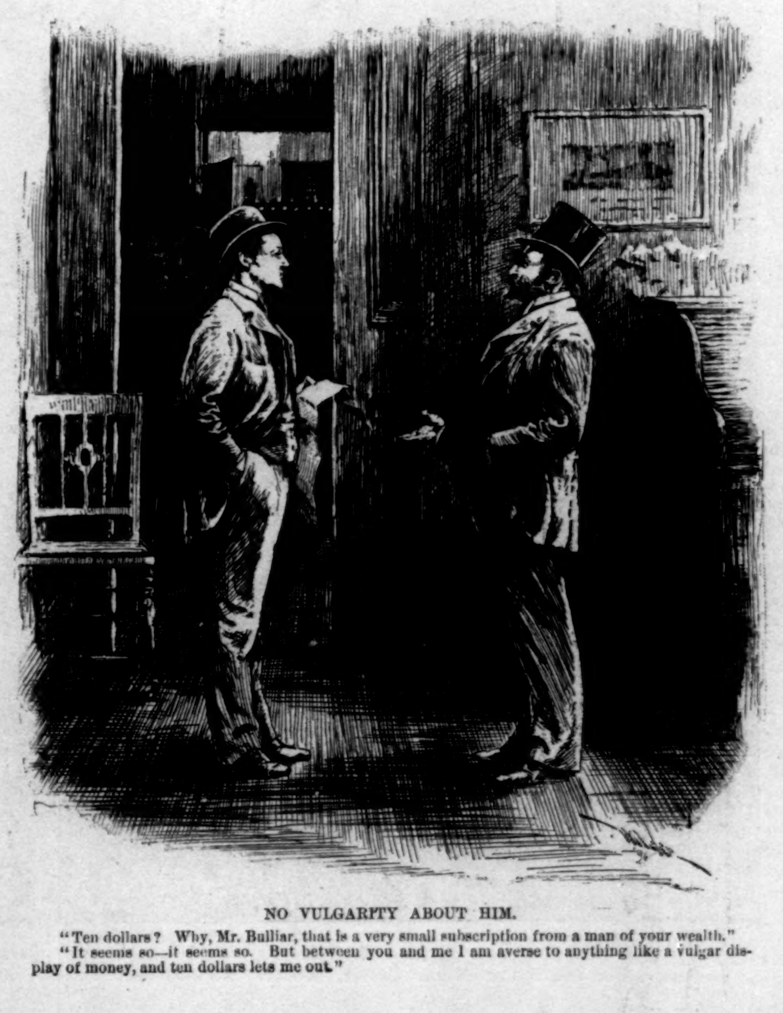
The diversity of the country affords opportunity for the undertaking of pretty nearly every class of military manœuvres, from parades of ceremony to grand tactics. The principal parade-ground covers a clear stretch of undulating greensward equalling the Brooklyn Bridge—a mile and an eighth—in length, its width ranging from a quarter to half a mile.

In the performance of military manœuvres the troops are not confined to a solitary esplanade. Grounds available for encampment purposes to an almost unlimited extent, and capable of being utilized in the drilling of a brigade or the review of a division of infantry, are at command in at least three different directions. The entire territory is adequately equipped for encampment purposes, a system of pipe lines furnishing an abundant supply of fresh water, while the conformation of the country insures complete drainage, the soil being sandy and receptive, so that the heaviest rains are speedily absorbed.

The liberality of a single individual places Mount Gretna at the disposal of the State of Pennsylvania without cost, either for the payment of rent or of expense of maintenance, its use being freely given and its support provided for by the owner, Mr. Robert H. Coleman. Originally the park was what is known as a "charcoal clearing." In 1885 its availability as a National Guard camping-ground was pointed out to Mr. Coleman, who forthwith proceeded to have the ground put in proper shape for occupancy by the troops. Year by year since, Mr. Coleman has enlarged his efforts in this direction, with the result that to-day the National Guard of Pennsylvania has one of the most desirable camp-grounds in the country.

In addition Mr. Coleman has caused to be erected a rifle range for small-arms practice, connected with the camp proper by a narrow-gauge railroad, and fairly rivalling the famous shooting-grounds at Creedmoor; constructed a long-distance range, covering 1200 yards, for field-battery practice; and caused a clearing to be made in the side of the mountains affording a range for the practice of the latest improved 3.2-inch breech-loading rifled guns of between 2500 and 3000 yards.

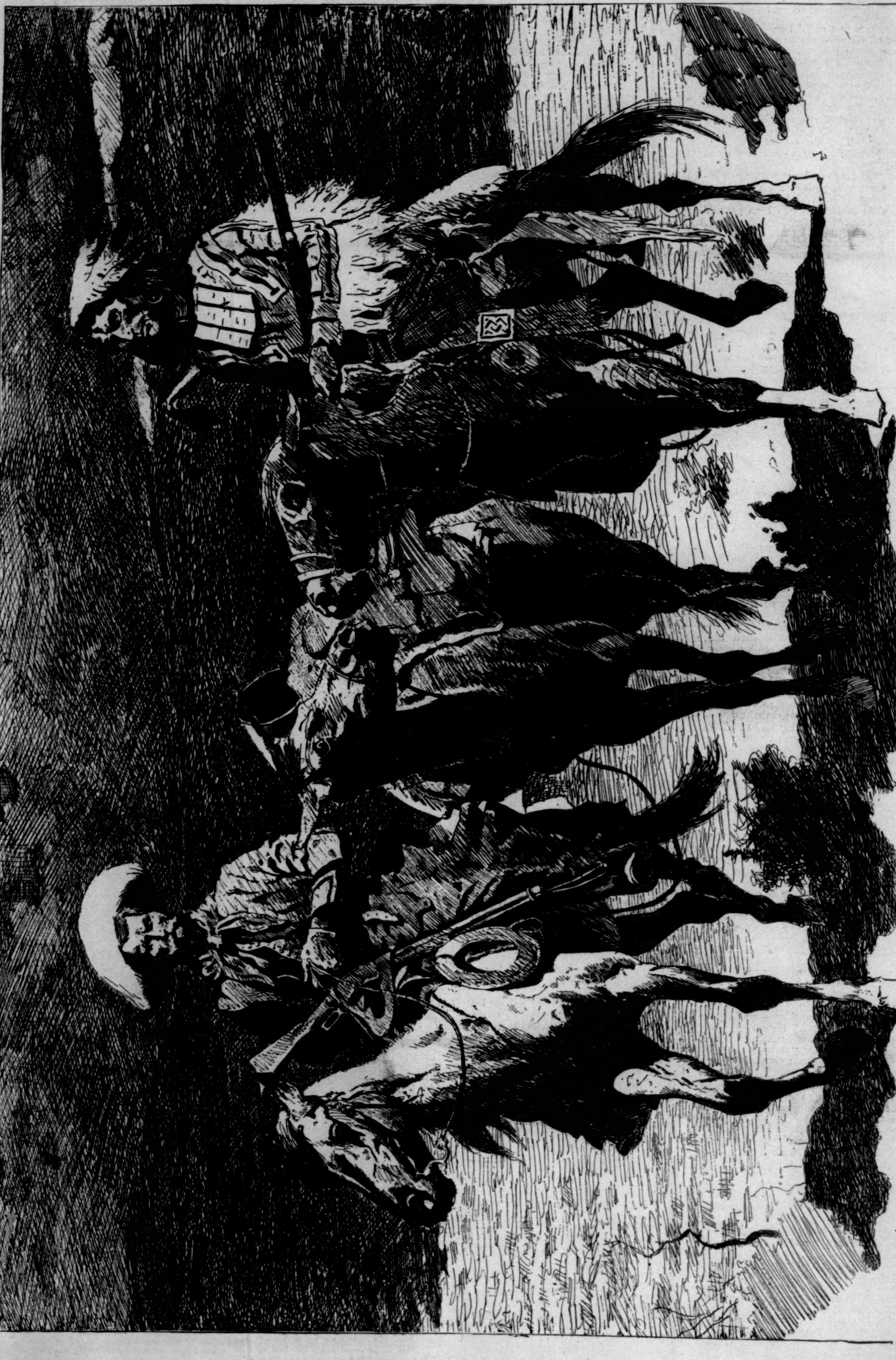
Pennsylvania's 8000 uniformed militia, comprising the National Guard of the State, is formed by law into 150 companies of infantry, three troops of cavalry, and three batteries of field artillery, organized in a single division, commanded by a major-general. This division is subdivided into three brigades, to each of which is attached a battery of artillery and a mounted troop. The geographical divisions, or military districts, of the State are covered by the three brigades. The First Brigade, with head-quarters in Philadelphia, covers the Quaker City and its immediate confines; the Second Brigade takes in the adjacent territory east of the mountains; and the Third Brigade occupies the district lying west of the Alleghanies.



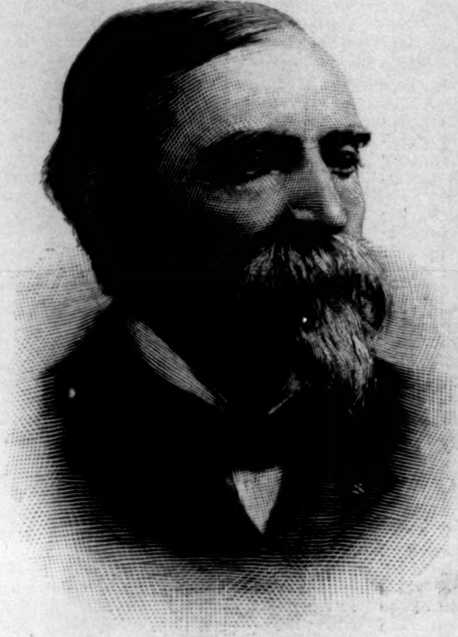
NO VULGARITY ABOUT HIM.

"Ten dollars? Why, Mr. Bulliar, that is a very small subscription from a man of your wealth."

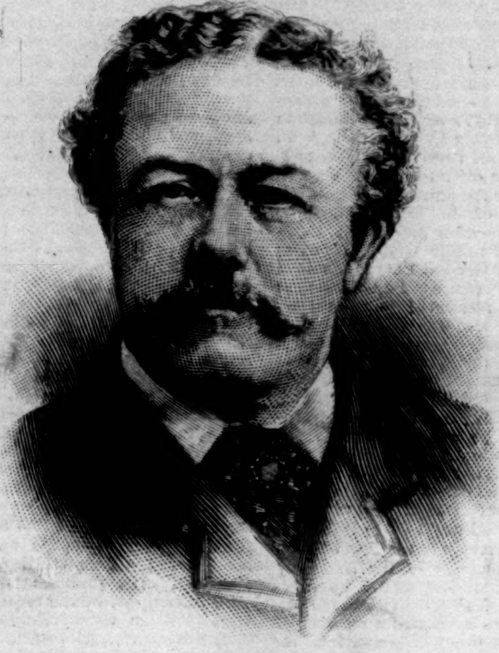
"It seems so—it seems so. But between you and me I am averse to anything like a vulgar display of money, and ten dollars lets me out."



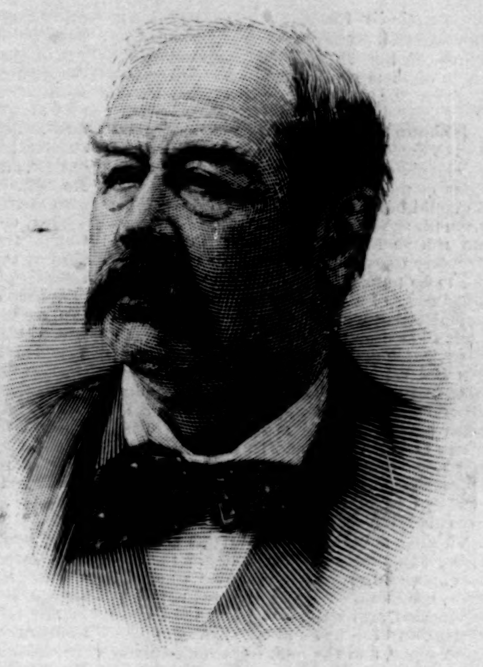
QUESTIONABLE COMPANIONSHIP.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 627.]



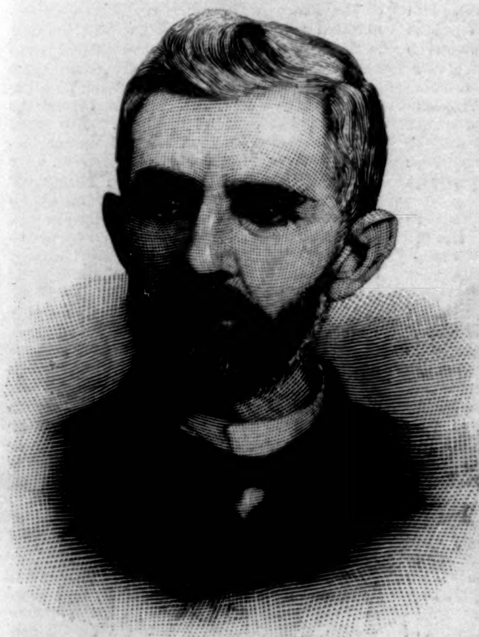
GEORGE C. TICHENOR, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.,
PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD.



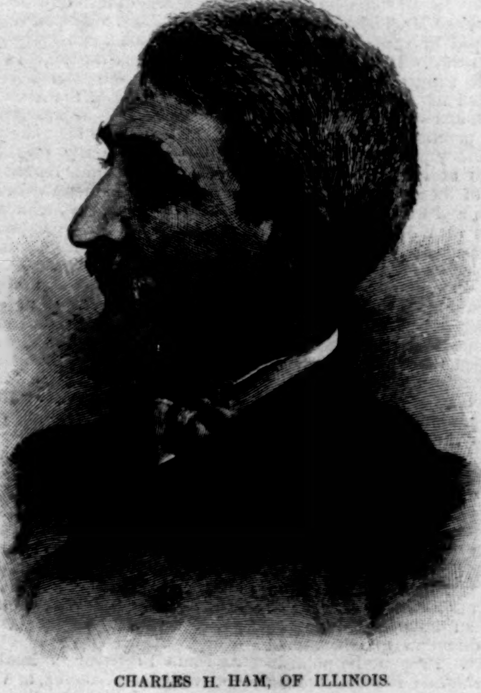
J. LEWIS STACKPOLE, OF MASSACHUSETTS.



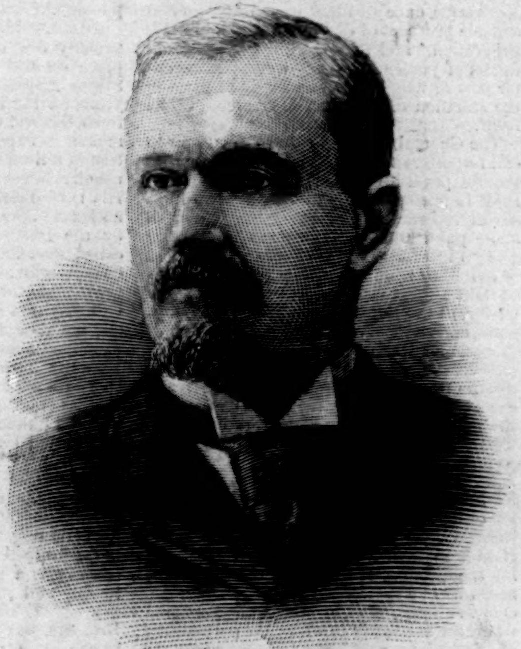
GEORGE H. SHARPE, OF NEW YORK.



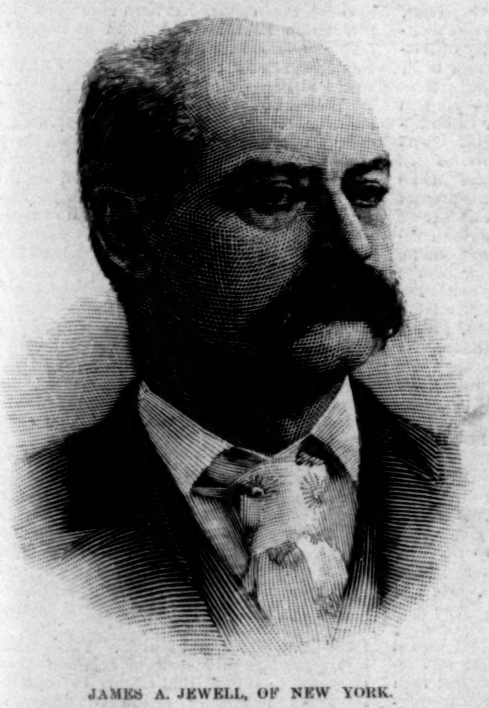
JOSEPH BIDDLE WILKINSON, JUN., OF LOUISIANA.



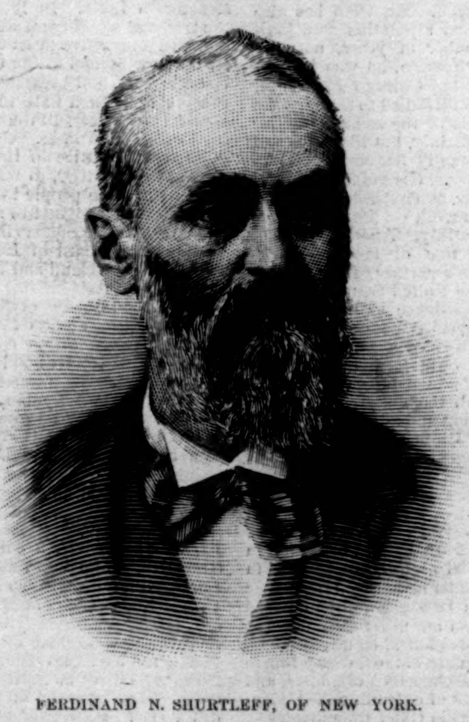
CHARLES H. HAM, OF ILLINOIS.



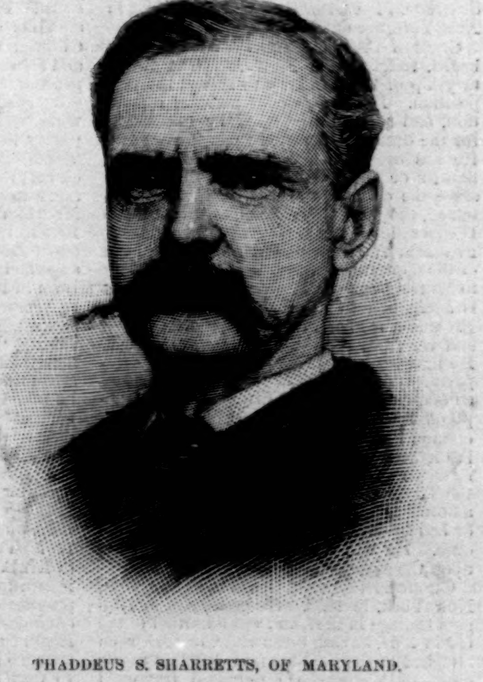
HENDERSON W. SOMERVILLE, OF VIRGINIA.



JAMES A. JEWELL, OF NEW YORK.



FERDINAND N. SHURTLEFF, OF NEW YORK.



THADDEUS S. SHARRETTS, OF MARYLAND.

THE NEW BOARD OF GENERAL APPRAISERS APPOINTED UNDER THE CUSTOMS ADMINISTRATION ACT.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE NEW BOARD OF GENERAL APPRAISERS.

AN important feature of the customs administration act "To Simplify the Laws in Relation to the Collection of the Revenues," which became a law on June 10th, is a provision made for a board of nine General Appraisers. Its purpose, as set forth in the majority report of the Ways and Means Committee favoring its passage by the House of Representatives, is "to do away with the unsatisfactory system long prevailing, under which importers participate in reappraisements, and in many cases nullify the efforts of the government officers to collect the duties on foreign merchandise contemplated by law."

The institution of the new board was based upon a troublesome experience, reaching over many years, in irregularities and abuses which appeared to be inseparable from the old order of things, and was in accordance with the recommendations of Secretary Windom in his last annual report, as well as with previous suggestions of Secretaries Manning and Fairchild. Instead of four General Appraisers with limited powers, and the practice of selecting merchants to serve on reappraising boards, there is now established for the settlement of disputes or the correction of errors a permanent body of nine men with large powers, who are required to give their full time and attention to the business. They receive salaries of $7000 a year, and the presumption is that they are selected with reference to their qualifications for the position. No limit is placed to their tenure of office, but they may be removed by the President for "inefficiency, neglect of duty, or malfeasance." As not more than five of them can be appointed from the same political party, the chance for partisan removals on the incoming of new administrations is limited to one man. The appointments are practically for life. The General Appraisers shall serve at such places as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe, but three of them shall constitute a permanent board at the port of New York, and be on duty daily during ordinary business hours.

Hitherto the Secretary of the Treasury has had to decide cases of appeal with reference to classification and rates of duty, and questions of fees, charges, and exactions. This he could only do perfunctorily upon advice from his subordinates. The General Appraisers relieve him of this duty. Complaints properly drawn by importers or consignees are to be immediately referred to them, and a Collector of a Port may ask them for a reappraisement where he thinks the local valuation has been too low. Their jurisdiction is exclusive and their decisions final except in cases where there is question as to the construction of the law and facts respecting classification and rates of duty under it. Then appeal may be made to the United States Circuit Court, and further, in important cases upon specified conditions, to the Supreme Court. Such appeals are to have priority over other business, and the results to be made known promptly. However much other cases may be set back by this arrangement, it supplies a much-needed relief in custom-house litigation. Over four thousand suits, accumulated under the methods just superseded, are awaiting action in the United States Court for the Southern District of New York alone, and the number was constantly increasing, notwithstanding the appointment some years ago of an additional judge to try this class of cases. Secretary Fairchild in one of his reports, alluding to these New York suits, once said that there was "no reasonable prospect of disposing of them in this generation," and that there was a practical denial of justice involved—a remark the latter part of which applies with great force to the situation of the national Supreme Court itself.

The General Appraisers have the power to call importers and others as witnesses, and to impose penalties for nonappearance or refusal to testify. They are required to keep a full record of their proceedings, and to make publication of their decisions for the general information, the effect of which will be to lessen errors and contests. It is expected that their workings will secure greater uniformity in the valuations at the different ports, and strengthen the organic character of the custom-house business. As an evolved product of national commercial growth, the Board of General Appraisers is suggestive of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and the two bodies may in some sort be classed together as members of a new element of governmental development. The Customs Administration Act of June 10th, providing for the board, went into effect on August 1st. By order of the Secretary of the Treasury, General Appraisers Sharpe, Somerville, and Ham are assigned to duty at New York city for the present, though at first the whole board will be stationed, with President Tichenor in charge, at that port. Collectors elsewhere are instructed to advise the department of cases of appeal, when a General Appraiser will be sent to pass upon them. The Republicans appointed are Tichenor, Sharpe, Ham, Stackpole, and Shurtleff. The Democrats are Wilkinson, Somerville, Jewell, and Sharretts. The General Appraisers' rooms, in New York, are at 534 and 536 Canal Street.

George C. Tichenor, President of the board, resigned the First Assistant Secretaryship of the Treasury to accept his new position. He is a man of national reputation, and particularly fitted by experience for the duties he is called upon to perform. He has been connected with the customs branch of the Treasury Department ever since the close of the war, having been retained, though a Republican, throughout the Democratic administration of Mr. Cleveland. President Harrison placed him at the head of the department division he occupied prior to his resignation. His present appointment is accredited to the District of Columbia. He was a soldier in the war, and is now a sufferer from the effects of severe wounds. He first gained a place in the Treasury Department as a citizen of Iowa, but his family subsequently moving to Illinois, he was appointed to the Assistant Secretaryship as coming from the latter State. Mr. Tichenor is credited with having prepared all the decisions in tariff cases that have come from the Treasury Department during the present administration, and with having had more or less to do with many issued by preceding ones. He will be called upon now to act upon the same class of questions.

George H. Sharpe was born at Kingston, New York, in 1828. He graduated at Rutgers College in 1847, and was admitted to the bar in 1854, having meanwhile, in 1851, been attached to the United States legation at the court of Vienna. He practised law until the breaking out of the war, when he entered the army as Captain in the Twentieth New York. Subsequently he became Colonel of the 120th Regiment from his State. Later he was brevetted Brigadier, and then Major-General. He took part in the battles of the Army of the Potomac, and was designated by General Grant to parole General Robert E. Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia. In 1867 he was special agent in Europe of the State Department. He was United States Marshal for the Southern District of New York in 1870–73, and rendered distinguished service in fighting the election frauds, which had grown to memorable proportions under the Tweed régime. The taking of the census in New York city, which demonstrated these frauds, was attended with peculiar difficulties, owing to the interests at stake and prevailing public excitement. Mayor Hall issued a proclamation substantially declaring General Sharpe an outlaw, and the latter responded vigorously. He made a public offer to recount a specimen district under the scrutiny of Samuel J. Tilden, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, and Jackson S. Schultz, President of the Union League Club. This was not accepted; but General Sharpe obtained permission from Census Superintendent Walker to make a recount of the whole city, which was done, and the frauds proved This led to the enactment of the Federal election law At the next general contest the excitement was renewed. The United States Marshal was charged with the enforcement of the new law, and, threats of resistance being made, he was provided with a force of regular infantry and artillery, and authorized to call out the State troops if necessary. The regulars were cantoned in the city, though out of sight, but were not called upon to act. From 1873 to 1878 General Sharpe was Surveyor of the Port of New York. He was member of the Assembly from 1879 to 1883, and in 1880–1, Speaker. In the last year of President Arthur's administration he was appointed a member of the commission to promote commercial relations with the Central and South-American states, and presided at the meetings. On the accession of Cleveland he resigned. General Sharpe was not an applicant for his present position.

Charles H. Ham, like Mr. Tichenor, is especially well equipped by experience for a place on the new board. He was United States Appraiser at Chicago for fourteen years, having received his first appointment from General Grant, and was largely instrumental in exposing practices of undervaluation at a time when they prevailed to an unusually large extent at the various ports. His investigations of these abuses were of national importance, and were so recognized by the Department at Washington, which called upon him for special service in the work of correction. He held over long into Mr. Cleveland's term of office, and it was thought by many that he would not be superseded at all, his record being such that prominent Democratic merchants favored his retention. Recently, he has filled the responsible position of Assistant Treasurer of Cook County, Illinois (Chicago being the seat). But it is not as a public officer alone that Mr. Ham is widely and favorably known. He is a man of culture and broad views, actuated by other motives than the mere desire to get on in the world. He has done brilliant work in the line of practical education; and the Manual Training School of Chicago, one of the best-equipped institutions of the kind in the country, is a monument to his efforts with tongue and pen in that field. His book on *Manual Training*, published by Harper & Brothers, has had an important influence in giving a new direction to educational thought and practice. Recently he published a notable monogram on *The Co-education of the Mind and Hand*. Mr. Ham has also gained an established reputation as a journalist. For a number of years, notwithstanding other occupation, he was leading editorial writer on the Chicago *Interocean*, and subsequently contributed to the editorial page of the *Tribune* of the same city. He did "solid" work mainly, but his tastes and wide reading constantly tempted him into purely literary paths. His volume of light *Ten-Minute Sketches*, as contrasted with his earnest and serious work on *Manual Training*, attests his versatility. Another phase of Mr. Ham's life is that of lawyer. From 1860 to 1865 he was a partner of the present Chief Justice of the United States. He has also had some experience as a merchant. Born in New Hampshire something over fifty years ago, he received a common-school education, worked on a farm until he was twenty, "clerked" in a country store and in a railroad office, all the while spending his spare time in reading and study. And thus he mainly prepared himself for the bar and for the more congenial pursuits he subsequently followed. He has been a resident of Chicago for thirty years.

J. Lewis Stackpole is the nephew and executor of the estate of the historian J. Lothrop Motley. He was born in Boston in 1838, and graduated at Harvard College in 1857. Two years later he received the degree of LL.B. from the Law School of the same institution. He had but fairly started in the practice of his profession when he received a commission as Captain of the Twenty-fourth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, and engaged in the work of defending the Union. In 1862 he was made Chief Commissary of Subsistence of the Army in North Carolina, and served with Major-General Foster in the Goldsborough expedition. A year later he was appointed by this officer Judge-Advocate of the Eighteenth Corps. In the same year he was commissioned as Major and Judge-Advocate by President Lincoln, and his duties were extended so as to include Virginia. Shortly afterward, in addition, he was appointed Judge-Provost of Norfolk. In 1864 he accompanied the Army of the James to Bermuda Hundred, and was Judge-Advocate of the same forces before Richmond. He resigned his commission in May, 1865, having previously been brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel "for meritorious services in conducting the prosecutions of the department with skill, faithfulness, and integrity." Since leaving the army he has been an active lawyer. From 1870 to 1876 he was First Assistant Solicitor of the City of Boston. Colonel Stackpole was recently appointed by President Harrison United States District Attorney for Massachusetts, which position he has resigned to accept his present one.

Joseph Biddle Wilkinson, Jun., having left the desk of Chief Clerk of the New Orleans Appraiser's office, brings to his new position a valuable experience. He comes of distinguished ancestry, being the great-grandson of General James Wilkinson, who married Miss Biddle, of Philadelphia, during the war of the Revolution, succeeded Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the United States army, and was appointed by President Jefferson one of the commissioners to receive Louisiana from Napoleon in behalf of the government after the purchase of that territory. General Wilkinson settled in Louisiana, and became prominently identified with its interests. His descendants bear a conspicuous part in the history of the State. The subject of this sketch is about forty-five years old. He was educated at home and at St. James College, Hagerstown, Maryland. His studies at the latter place were interrupted by the breaking out of the war. Though very young, he entered the Southern army, and rose to an Adjutancy before the close of the strife. Once he was a prisoner at Fort Morgan, but made his escape. After the war he engaged in agricultural pursuits in Plaquemines Parish. He made a scientific study of his calling, and wrote notable treatises on sugar growing and making, which are largely quoted from in the government reports. In 1886 he went to New Orleans, and entered the public service. He is a member of the Audubon Park Commission, of the Louisiana Historical Association, and has been for some years one of the editors of the *Daily City Item*, making a specialty of economic topics. Through these and his other literary works he has gained a reputation for marked ability.

Henderson W. Somerville was born in Madison County, Virginia, in 1837. His paternal grandfather was a planter of Culpeper County, Virginia, residing at Somerville Ford, where a number of skirmishes took place between the contending armies of Grant and Lee during the war. His maternal grandfather was Michael Wallace, who married Mary Glassell, a first cousin of Joanna Glassell, who went to Scotland and married the Duke of Argyle. His father was a physician, who settled in 1837 at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, the old State capital and site of the State University, at which Judge Somerville graduated in 1856. The year following he entered the Cumberland (Tennessee) Law School, from which he secured his law diploma in 1859. He immediately went to Memphis, and commenced the practice of law. In 1860 he became the political editor of the Memphis *Appeal*, which earnestly supported Stephen A. Douglas for the Presidency. He accepted, in 1862, the position of Assistant Professor of Mathematics in the University of Alabama, and was also an instructor in Latin. In 1866 he returned to the law, and, opening an office at Tuscaloosa, obtained a lucrative practice. He established the Law School of the University of Alabama in 1873, and became a Professor in it, continuing as such until his appointment as General Appraiser, all the while carrying on his large law business. Governor Cobb appointed him Justice of the Supreme Court of Alabama in 1880, to which office he was re-elected by the people in 1886; and this he filled until he resigned to accept his present position. Judge Somerville is a member of the Peabody Board of Education, with ex-Presidents Cleveland and Hayes and others. He is Vice-President for Alabama of the Medico-Legal Society of New York, and has been for thirteen years President of a large cotton-manufacturing corporation, giving much of his time to aid in its successful management. His present wife is the sister of Dr. William S. Lyman, late President of the University of Alabama.

Thaddeus S. Sharretts, of Baltimore, is a native of Maryland. His father was Colonel John F Sharretts, who was editor of the *Patriot*, a Baltimore paper of prominence in its day. Mr. Sharretts was born in Montgomery County, Maryland, in November, 1850. He received a collegiate education, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. For a while he was stenographer of the United States Court at Baltimore. He had an interest for eleven years in a large grocery business in that city. In December, 1886, President Cleveland appointed him a Local Appraiser at Baltimore. He was recommended by many of the strongest men of the city. He did the most of the appraising in Baltimore, and did it with conspicuous satisfaction. When the Board of Local Appraisers held its meeting in New York he was elected recorder, and in his correspondence he soon gained a reputation as an able, discerning, conscientious worker. He was brought prominently before the public by the report he wrote in response to a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury asking his views about the classification of merchandise and rates of duty. In it he presented a complete tariff act, showing his thorough knowledge of the subject. His appointment as one of the General Appraisers under the new law was recommended by the almost solid support of the business interests of Baltimore, Republicans as well as Democrats signing the petitions. Mr. Sharretts is a tariff-reform Democrat. He is the youngest man on the new commission. His home is in Baltimore, where he has a family.

Ferdinand N. Shurtleff was born at Middleport, Niagara County, New York, in 1837, and in 1840, when his parents removed to Adrian, Michigan, he had his first experience as a traveller. In 1850 the family returned to New York State. In 1855 Mr. Shurtleff removed to Iowa, and in 1862 to Oregon. In 1864 he was appointed by President Lincoln to be Commissary of the Indian Agency at Grand Ronde, a position which he held until 1868. In October, 1870, he was appointed Deputy-Collector of Customs at the port of Willamette, then existing only on paper. He served as Deputy-Collector until appointed Collector by President Hayes, was reappointed by President Arthur, and continued in office until relieved by President Cleveland in 1887. He has since been in private business. The Willamette district, which Mr. Shurtleff has been familiar with since its beginning, has increased in importance, until it is now thirteenth or fourteenth in the volume of its collections.

James A. Jewell was born in the State of New York fifty years ago, and was educated in the public schools of Buffalo. After finishing the course at the high-school, he entered the employment of a firm of large dealers in drugs and chemicals, where he remained five years. In 1862 he joined the army as Adjutant of the 151st Regiment of New York Volunteers. He became Major of that regiment, and soon after Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifty-ninth, which regiment he commanded until the close of the war, serving in the Eighth, Third, Sixth, and Second corps of the Army of the Potomac. At the close of the war he engaged in mercantile pursuits in New York city. In 1868 he turned his attention to the hotel business. For three years he was connected with St. James Hotel, and became one of its proprietors. He was proprietor of the Coleman House for four years, and manager of the Grand Union at Saratoga and other prominent hotels. In 1885 Colonel Jewell was appointed by Secretary Manning Special Agent of the Treasury Department. He had charge of the district comprising the New England States for one year, and then of the district containing New York city for a similar length of time. From the latter he was called to Washington to assume the duties of Supervising Special Agent. He held this place until July, 1889, and after that time was continued by Secretary Windom in the service of the department up to the date of his recent appointment.

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

(*Continued from page 612, Supplement.*)

are synonymous in the country. The first modern colony, Esperanza, in the province of Santa Fe, was founded in 1856; and there are now some 300 colonies in the whole republic, which numbers altogether 2373 centres of habitation having name and place on the maps.

The increase of the pastoral industry within the past ten years has been enormous, the production having risen from 350,000,000 francs to 580,000,000 francs. The Argentine Republic is now the richest country of the world in sheep, and the third in rank after the United States and Russia in horned cattle and horses. This fact, however, implies an enormous production of meat for which there is no sufficient market, and the wool and hides remain the chief elements of profit. According to trustworthy approximate statistics, the excess of the production of meat over the local consumption in the Argentine is 730,000,000 kilograms, of which 15,000,000 kilograms alone are exported in preserved, dried, salted, jerked, extracted, or peptonized forms. Nowadays, owing to the decline in the demand for *charqui*, *vasajo*, or jerked beef, important and more or less successful enterprises have been established for the exportation of frozen carcasses, while essays are continually being made to organize the transportation of live cattle from La Plata to European ports.

Within the past ten years the extent of cultivated land in the Argentine has increased from 300,000 hectares to two and a half millions of hectares; the production of cereals has risen from 80,000,000 francs to 300,000,000 francs, and the exportation of grain from 20,000 tons to 700,000 tons. This prodigious augmentation has caused certain prophets to foresee a near future when the cereal production of the Argentine will vie with that of the United States and Russia. This prediction is perhaps premature, especially as there is reason to believe that during the coming ten years the progress of the Argentine will be less vertiginously rapid than it was during the past ten years. Furthermore, it is a mistake to affirm, as some foreign authorities have recently done, that there is a marked tendency in the Argentine to substitute pastoral for agricultural industry. In my observations of the republic I found no traces of such a premeditated change. There are, on the contrary, several reasons why the progress of agriculture in the Argentine should henceforward be very gradual. In the first place, the pastoral industry is easier and more surely profitable; it requires less capital, less labor, and simpler means of communication than agriculture on a large scale. Secondly, the easily and cheaply accessible grain-ground of the republic is already taken up, and the occupation of more distant ground can only become profitable in proportion as railways are built and cheap freights obtained. The actual railway freights in the Argentine are a terrible obstacle to commerce, and so long as the currency remains depreciated and confidence impossible there can be no hope of a change. Here we once more find ourselves face to face with questions of politics, administration, and public immorality. In the third place, the reputation of the soil of the Argentine has been exaggerated. There are vast expanses of rich soil, but there are also vast expanses where the vegetal layer is so thin that after a few years it is exhausted, as is already the case in certain parts of the province of Buenos Ayres. The exploitation of the virgin soil in the agricultural provinces of the Argentine has perhaps seen its best days, and the questions of artificial fertilizers and more scientific agriculture are beginning to present themselves. As for the more recent colonies in the Gran Chaco, the want of cheap means of transportation, and at the same time the unfavorableness of the climate, render them merely vegetative, and not actively progressive. As regards the Rio Negro and the Chubut Valley, the occupation of these remote and inaccessible regions is too recent to authorize any forecasts at present. Admitting, however, that there is land in abundance at the disposal of agricultural industry, the great obstacles will continue to be the want of capital and the want of labor, to say nothing of the heavy tax imposed upon production by protectionism and political thievery. The Argentine Republic has no manufactures worth mentioning, and yet foreign manufactured goods are taxed at 25 per cent. of their value, wearing apparel pays 45 per cent., imported comestibles in general 30 per cent., without speaking of specific duties on a similar scale. The cost of living is thus rendered very high. As for capital, the revelations of the last crisis are not of a nature to make people anxious to flood the Argentine with money, however great may be the natural riches of the territory. At present there is an almost total cessation of business, and months must pass before people will dare to think of initiating new undertakings.

The commercial and economical crisis of 1890, and the emigration of many thousands of immigrants, have discredited the Argentine Republic as a field for investment and settlement, and years must elapse before the blind confidence of the past decade can be restored. The thousands who left the republic in the autumn and winter of the present year were rarely agricultural laborers or colonists, with the exception, of course, of the few thousand Italian reapers who go over every year for the harvest, and thus avoid the idle winter months in their own country. They were rather artisans, masons, navvies, workers in the towns—nomads, in short. There was also a considerable emigration of commercial people and employés. Why did these people leave? Because living became too dear, owing to the continued depreciation of the national paper-money, and because there was a general cessation of business, notably of the building trade and its branches, which, during the past three years, gave employment in Buenos Ayres alone to a hundred thousand hands. These emigrants, and also those who staid behind, whether workmen or colonists, naturally reported in Europe the dearness of life in the Argentine, and the corresponding insufficiency of salaries, and immediately the current of immigration almost entirely ceased to flow. The agents of the Argentine government abroad are also responsible, to a large extent, for the discredit of the country in the eyes of the intending European immigrant, inasmuch as, by circulars and pamphlets, they have spread culpably erroneous information with a view to alluring emigrants, who, after suffering all kinds of abuses and privations in so-called colonies planted literally in the wilderness, have, in many cases, to be repatriated by the consulates of their respective nationalities. These abuses and misrepresentations have attracted the attention of European governments; the Belgian government, in particular, has caused a delegate, M. Wodon, to visit the various Argentine colonies, both official and private, and I have reason to believe that his report will be of a very condemnatory character as regards many of these centres of misery and privation.

Concerning the dearness of living in the Argentine there can be no gainsaying: everything is dear except meat. The country is ultra-protectionist. The trades people are hampered with enormous rents, heavy licenses and taxes, and innumerable custom-house and landing charges over and above the duties. Clothes and imported manufactured articles necessary for daily life cost double, and more than double, their price in Europe. Thus, while the Argentine government endeavors, by assisted immigration and subsidies, to encourage the importation of laborers, it discourages that importation in a stronger measure by the artificial increase of the dearness of living. On the one hand, it offers premiums for the transport of frozen meat, in order to favor the exportation of one of its principal products, while, on the other hand, it diminishes that exportation by overtaxing and thereby diminishing the consumption of the articles with which Europe pays for its importations from La Plata. Furthermore, in order to hasten the development of public works, and to enlarge and embellish the towns, the state, the provinces, and the municipalities increase their expenses and multiply their loans with feverish haste. Between 1878 and 1888 the expenses of the state alone rose from twenty to sixty millions of dollars, and the loans subscribed in Europe have advanced with corresponding rapidity. . . .

All this I do not say with a view to depreciating the Argentine, "that young and radiant republic," as a French writer, M. Émile Gautier, calls it—"that young and radiant republic whose magic development, of a nature to confound the imagination of the old nations immobilized in the ruts of routine, has nothing to envy in the expansion of the country of Washington and Lincoln." M. Gautier, however, writes without having seen the country. I am simply recording impressions and observations, many of which are, doubtless, widely different from those contained in the average accounts of the Argentine Republic. The Argentine is a great republic, but its greatness needs to be circumscribed by many qualifying clauses. To my mind, the source of all the difficulties that the Argentine has encountered, the origin of all the trials that it still has to traverse, and the obstacle to the development of the human agglomerations of the republic into a respectable nation, is the all-pervading private and public immorality and want of moral restraint. In the Argentine there is neither a national nor a personal ideal. The aim of all is enrichment and material enjoyment alone. As in politics, so it is in private life; there is no glory in being President of the Republic, but only profit; there is no honor in being an Argentine citizen, but the citizen who does not gain wealth, by what means matters little, is looked upon with disdain. The Argentines have eliminated virtue from their democracy; they have forgotten that they ever had souls; and yet they talk of their greatness and revel in prodigious statistics. But in what does a nation's greatness consist? To quote the words of James Anthony Froude, in his *Oceana:* "Whether [a nation] be great or little depends entirely on the sort of men and women that it is producing. A sound nation is a nation that is composed of sound human beings, healthy in body, strong of limb, true in word and deed—brave, sober, temperate, chaste, to whom morals are of more importance than wealth or knowledge—where duty is first and the rights of man are second—where, in short, men grow up and live and work, having in them what our ancestors called 'the fear of God.'"

"A QUESTIONABLE COMPANIONSHIP."

"A **Questionable Companionship**," by Frederic Remington, does not tell its story to the average spectator as fully as most of his pictures do; and yet it has quite as forcible bearing on the Western life that this artist has set himself to illustrate as any that he has painted. To the man who has travelled in the Indian country at all it will appeal instantly and with peculiar force.

There was always the danger of questionable companionship to a man who travelled the plains or the foot-hills of the Rockies of the Southwestern ranges. Indians who were friendly and quiet when a man passed through their territory might be on the war-path when the return trip was made, no matter how soon afterward. Then, again, there are tribes, like the Apaches, to whom the war-path has ever-alluring charms, and in all the Indian country there were individual Indians who justified the term "varmint," which the dime-novel hero never fails to use in a generic sense in speaking of the red man.

To the general public the strength of Mr. Remington's pictures has been a secret. That secret is that he has experienced the Western life in all its phases and through years together, in the fulness of one whose lot seemed at one time permanently cast in that country. He was too used to such incidents as that of this picture to be able to tell how many times he has fallen in with the red man during lonely horseback journeys on the desolate plains; but, by reason of his artistic sense, these bits of his past keep coming from his brush as if it were a camera with a memory. This phase of the border life is a peculiar one. A man may fall in with a thousand Indians in this way if he lives long enough, and each episode may be of short duration; but no man was ever so accustomed to peril as not to feel the tension of strained nerves and sharpened watchfulness while such an encounter lasts.

You are following a trail in such a region that it seems as though you and the earth are alone together. Such are the conditions that in this very loneliness is the measure of your safety, certainly of your peace of mind. Suddenly you see an Indian ahead. He rides into plain view from out the horizon, or emerges from the entrance to a ravine, or plunges on his horse up the steep bank of a river, where he had been hidden from view. A perfect animal is the Indian, and therefore never for an instant is he without all his senses. You know that he has seen you, that he saw you at least as soon as you saw him. You are no novice or "tender-foot," else you wouldn't be there unaccompanied. You know what to do. You resort to the völapük of the plains—the sign language. You raise the right hand, with the open palm toward the stranger. It is the "peace sign," understood by every wild Indian on the northern half of this continent—understood by every New-Yorker, for that matter, for what other meaning has our habit of opening the palm of the right hand and extending it to a friend on Broadway except to show him that he may approach us without fear, that we have no stiletto in that hand, nor any bowie handle there, with its long blade up our sleeve?

If the Indian makes no response, and it suits your whim to notify him to wait for you, the next phrase in the dialogue is an invitation to "come on," made by raising a branch or a gun body upward and waving it toward yourself. But ten to one he has before this answered you with the peace sign, and you ride up and join him.

City men would be at a disadvantage in such a juncture as that. Just fancy the position. As the Indian wheels into place beside your horse, you note the sweep of his cold fathomless eye, which takes in every article of apparel, arms, and ornament you possess. He is poor and lawless and covetous. Some will add that he is certain to be cowardly and treacherous, but that is a controversial point. If you look at his face, you learn nothing of his thoughts or feeling toward you; if you talk to him, he replies with grunting. There are narrow passes ahead for single-file riding; there is not one chance in a million that you will see another white man until another sun has risen. It is a questionable companionship indeed. But to the frontiersman the situation is not so unbalanced as this makes it seem. The same glance that may have awakened the Indian's covetousness has also shown him a horse better perhaps than his own, and a rifle whose efficiency he knows full well, a full belt of cartridges, a rider with perfect self-possession, perfect confidence, quick eyes, and perfect *sang-froid*.

For these reasons the companionship is made to seem as questionable for the red man as for the white one, and in that relation rests all of whatever safety there is for either. And so they ride side by side, to watch each other unceasingly, until the red man lets fall some word which, for any one of twenty possible reasons, shows him to be trustworthy. After that there is a sharing of food or water or tobacco, and an admixture of comfort to the companionship.

THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

James Russell Soley is the third person that has held the position of Assistant Secretary of the Navy since the organization of the Navy Department. The office was created by the act of July 31, 1861, and abolished by the act of March 3, 1869. The position was held by Gustavus V. Fox, of Massachusetts, from August 1, 1861, to May 31, 1866, and by William Faxon, of Connecticut, from June 1, 1866, until March 3, 1869. It was re-created in the legislative bill approved July 11, 1890, and Mr. Soley, at that time Professor of Mathematics in the Navy, with the relative rank of Commander, resigned his position, was nominated by the President, and confirmed by the Senate on the 18th of July. As a matter of history, a bill had been passed restoring the office of "Assistant Secretary" while Senator Chandler was Secretary, but as he did not fill the place, the act was repealed.

James Russell Soley was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, October 1, 1850. He graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1870, and it is rather a curious coincidence that among his class-mates was William F. Wharton, the present Assistant Secretary of State, and that both Assistant Secretaries should be Acting Secretaries in their respective departments at the same time. Mr. Soley was appointed Assistant Professor of English in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1871, and in 1873 was placed at the head of the department of English studies, history, and law, being then only twenty-three years of age—a position which he held nine years. In August, 1876, Professor Soley was commissioned as a Professor of Mathematics in the United States navy, with the relative rank of Commander, and in 1878 was sent abroad on special duty at the Paris Exposition as assistant to the Superintendent of the Department of Education. While away he also examined the systems of education in European naval colleges, and on his return made an extensive and valuable report as to the subjects he had investigated. In this report the system of naval education in England was severely criticised, and its defects pointed out. As a consequence it was repeatedly discussed in the profession, in the Royal United Service Institution, and in both Houses of Parliament, and a committee was subsequently appointed to revise their system. In its report this commission very frankly says, "We are reluctantly compelled to endorse the final words of Professor Soley's able report to the Secretary of the American Navy on the English system of educating naval officers—'The high scientific and professional attainments of many English naval officers are not in consequence but in spite of their early education'—and we regard such a condition of the system as neither creditable nor safe." In June, 1882, Professor Soley was transferred to Washington, where he collected and arranged the Navy Department Library, and since 1883 he has also superintended the publication of the naval records of the civil war. Since 1885 he has been one of the lecturers at the Naval War College at Newport, Rhode Island, delivered a course before the Lowell Institute on "American Naval History" (1885) and "European Neutrality during the Civil War" (1888), and also lectured in Baltimore. For several years past Mr. Soley has discharged many of the duties that would devolve upon an Assistant Secretary in the way of aiding in the official correspondence and in the preparation of the annual reports. He has also found time to study law, graduating at Columbian University with the highest honors of the class in 1890, and being admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the District.

Mr. Soley has been quite active in literary work, and has won a wide-spread reputation as a writer and author. Besides his contributions to *Scribner* and to the *Century*, he has published *History of the Naval Academy* (Washington, 1876), *Foreign Systems of Naval Education* (1880), *The Blockade and the Cruisers* (New York, 1883), *The Boys of* 1812 (Boston, 1887), and *The Sailor Boys of* 1861. He has edited the *Autobiography of Commodore Morris* (Annapolis, 1880); contributed to *The Battles and Leaders of the Civil War* and to Justin Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History of America*. What will be his most elaborate work is a treatise on *International Law*, which is now nearly ready for publication.

OUR ANNUAL TRANSACTIONS IN GOLD AND SILVER.

We had, at the end of the fiscal year 1889-90, gold and silver coins to the value of $1,100,612,434, and gold and silver bullion awaiting coinage at the mints to the value of $75,472,407, making a total of $1,176,084,841. In that year we exported more gold than ever before in the history of the country. These figures take no account of the notes in circulation. The outstanding issues of paper at the same time were a little less than a thousand millions of dollars. The value of silver coin and bullion was $420,548,929; of gold, $680,063,505.

The history of silver is interesting, but not cheerful. In 1878 we had no stock of silver dollars, the United States standing alone in its effort to establish the former equilibrium between gold and silver; but since that time the country has added to its stock of full legal-tender money no less than $343,638,001 of silver. On March 1, 1878, an ounce of fine silver was worth $1 20; on November 1, 1889, an ounce was worth 95 cents—a falling off in eleven years of 20 per cent.

About $2,000,000 of minor silver coins are annually absorbed into the circulation, but the larger average proportion is in dimes. Over 16,000,000 50-cent pieces were stored in the silver vault at the New York Sub-Treasury last year, while over 13,000,000 of the same coin were held in San Francisco. The total addition to our stock of silver during the year was $33,937,821. Gold seemed to have taken fright last year, for instead of an increase in the stock of that metal it fell off $25,755,350. The past year is the first in a long series of years in which there has been a reduction in the country's stock of gold. The wear and tear and mutilation of silver and gold coins are constant and large. Worn and mutilated coins to the nominal value of $542,937 were transferred to the mint for recoinage last year at a net loss of nearly $20,000. Counterfeit silver coins coming to the notice of the Treasury in 1889 numbered 3860. The silver converted into coins in the United States during the last eleven years would, if put together, *weigh over nine thousand tons!*

Last year the returns showed we exported $61,435,987 in gold bars. These figures, as I have pointed out, are unprecedented. In 1887 our exports of gold were under ten millions; in 1878 they were a trifle over eighteen millions. Of the sixty-one millions and odd exported last year, twenty-eight millions went to France, about nineteen millions to England, and fifteen millions to Germany. That is to say, we shipped in the year nearly *a hundred tons* of gold bars; a quantity equal to twice the product of our mines in 1888. There is no difference in the price of gold whether in the bar or in the coin, and exporters prefer to ship in bars, as there is less loss by abrasion. A large quantity of gold coins wear away very rapidly if shaken. In olden times, in England, some not over-conscientious persons used to put their gold coins in a bag and shake them, till they got a considerable quantity of dust. The banks in time became aware of this fact, and the rule was made that sovereigns, guineas, and other coins should be weighed by the receiving teller.

Several reasons are given for the golden exodus of last year. One is that when international accounts are to be settled, the country which has the balance of trade against her must part with her specie. Between May, 1888, and September, 1889, our imports exceeded our exports by $47,825,359. It is estimated that 120,000 people visited Paris during the Exposition, and nearly all of them carried with them bills of credit, which necessitated settlement by New York bankers with their London and Paris correspondents.

But the quantities of gold mentioned do not embrace all that is handled in the United